

# THE ACADEMY

AND

## LITERATURE

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OCTOBER 28, 1911

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## ... THE ... EYE=WITNESS

Edited by HILAIRE BELLOC.

CONTENTS of No. 19. THURSDAY, Oct. 26th.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.	THE JEWISH QUESTION.—VII. Privilege.
COMMENTS OF THE WEEK.	ON WASPS.
THE RISE IN PRICES.	THE SERVANTS OF THE RICH.
THE END OF A FRAUD.	BALLADES URBANE.—XIX. A Ballade of Deep Gloom. By B. C.
POWDER AND SHOT.	A LITTLE CONTEMPORARY HISTORY. By "Est."
FUN WITH THE CALF.	LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN. By A.
MODELS FOR YOUNG JOURNALISTS: 1. The Leader.	CORRESPONDENCE.
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## CONTENTS

PAGE	PAGE
Review of the Week ..... 527	Reviews (continued)—
Comrades of the Road ... 528	Shorter Reviews ..... 538
"And speckl'd Vanity will sicken soon and die" ... 528	Fiction ..... 539
At the War—I. .... 529	The Theatre..... 540
Walter Pater ..... 530	A British Outpost in China 541
Reviews—	The Women of Shake- speare ..... 542
A Bengali Author ..... 532	Some Old Theatres of Paris ..... 544
Crime and Chemistry... 533	The Revival of Printing... 545
A Spirit in Prison ..... 534	Art ..... 547
The Gaelic Spirit ..... 535	Books in Preparation ..... 548
A Faithful Servant of the Public..... 536	Imperial & Foreign Affairs 549
The Regeneration of Palestine ..... 537	Motoring ..... 550
History and Industry... 537	In the Temple of Mammon 551
The Author at Play..... 538	Correspondence ..... 552
	Books Received ..... 554

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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

Now that Mr. Asquith has disclosed the amount of time—"altogether eighteen, or possibly nineteen, days"—the Government propose to devote to the National Insurance Bill, the scandal of haste involved in its passing, to which we drew attention last week, will be obvious to all. "The programme the Government have suggested," said Mr. Balfour in his pungent speech, "is extravagant and impossible. . . . The right hon. gentleman considers that nineteen days is a generous and ample time to deal with the Bill; I call it a most preposterous and restrictive proposal." The various and incessant criticisms which this measure has called forth from every field of industry should give the Government pause, as indicating its inherent faultiness. Mr. Lloyd George doubtless is dealing with every objection brought forward to the best of his ability, but we have had so many queer samples of his "ability" during the past year or two that we beg leave to

remain rather sceptical as to his virtues in this case; and it is clear that with so many hurried attempts at reconstruction the Bill may be even more objectionable than in its original state. Patches are being put upon it, as upon some torn garment, until it is almost unrecognisable—which fact alone should make the Government hesitate before forcing it through. A patched thing is always unsatisfactory. By far the most sensible course would be to submit this Insurance Bill to a Grand Committee during the period at disposal, there to be threshed out and possibly remodelled into a considered whole; then, at the beginning of the next session, to introduce it with time for a thorough discussion in the House. We are not dealing here with the question of whether the measure should be passed or not; we merely wish to emphasise the point we made last week—that to allot eighteen "or possibly nineteen" days to this hacked-about Bill is nothing less than a gross outrage on the Parliamentary system.

The controversy raised by Lord Rosebery in his speech at Glasgow on the question of the "dead" books that cumber the shelves of many libraries, to the exclusion of more useful material, still proceeds in various quarters. It is all very well to talk easily of burning thousands of negligible volumes, but the debatable point is what constitutes a "dead" book; as one paper acutely noted, even the least important novel of to-day may be a most entrancing theme for the students of three hundred years hence—if, that is, its paper and binding have not utterly perished. And there are few more interesting occupations than the investigation of the newspaper-files of a hundred years ago. How many of the treasures which are even yet to be picked up here and there on obscure bookstalls would have been in existence had a general holocaust of apparently futile literature been ordered? And what about the poor author, watching the conflagration from his shady corner on Olympus?—the word "shady" being used, of course, in no objectionable sense. Imagine his feelings as the thoughts which he deemed would move the world, the ideas for whose expression he lived laborious nights and days, were dispersed in columns of smoke instead of being dispersed in columns of type. It is a serious consideration whether his language might not entail united action on the part of the high gods—might not result, indeed, in the summary ejection of his perturbed spirit from the resentful, immortal fraternity. He might come to earth as an offended ghost, and haunt the libraries, searching vaguely and eternally for his own works; in which case "the future of the library" would have to be reconsidered. Let us hesitate, then, before we commit the ancient and honourable tomes to the ordeal by fire.

The Oxford English Dictionary "on Historical Principles" winds its slow, unfailing way from "Simple" to "Sleep" in the part which reaches us this month. To scan its pages is to realise how limited is the vocabulary of even the best of us compared with the riches of the English language. Not that it is desirable for the ordinary mortal to intersperse with his conversation a tenth of the uncommon words which exist; were he to do so he might very easily become unintelligible. "She uttered a skellock," for instance, is hardly a presentable equivalent for "She gave a short, sharp scream;" nor is "skreigh" as a substitute for "break of day" likely to commend itself to our prolific minor poets, in spite of the fact that Scott used it. However, as a standard record of the language "Murray's" is invaluable, and more philological curiosities are to be found in it than one could possibly suspect.

## COMRADES OF THE ROAD

Only a little way  
Our roads together run,  
Just for a brief sweet day  
Beneath the sun.

Only a little while  
For you to ease my load  
While I your cares beguile  
Along the road.

Just for a summer day  
Until the twilight fall,  
Not as two lovers, nay,  
Comrades—that's all!

When the Sun's glowing heart  
Thrills like a rose on fire,  
We will clasp hands and part  
Lest either tire!

Clasp hands, press lips, cling close  
One mad, sweet moment, so!  
Then each a twilight path  
Lonely must go.

Clasp hands, press lips, cling close,  
Then, if you will, forget  
That, comrades of the road,  
We ever met!

WINIFRED SUTCLIFFE GREAVES.

### "AND SPECKL'D VANITY WILL SICKEN SOON AND DIE"

MR. BERNARD SHAW has in a letter to the *Times*, in his vigorous way, summed up the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a "sentimental amateur." We have no fault to find with the definition, which is in fact a variant of the criticism which has appeared in these columns since the infamous Budget of 1909 made its ill-starred appearance. Mr. Shaw has now come into line, and the fact that his judgment is not a hasty one lends to it all the more weight. The amateur who produced the unconscionable "ungotten minerals" tax; who was guilty of the levity of predicting that prime articles of everyday consumption would soon be relieved of taxation as a result of his totally abortive, but enormously expensive system of land taxation; and who was responsible for the various absurdities in the original draft of the Insurance Scheme, some of which have now disappeared—to be probably replaced by others of the same character—has we think fully earned the descriptive label which Mr. Shaw has attached to him.

Ever harping monotonously, whether in a speech at Whitefield's Tabernacle or in a manifesto to the electors of Keighley, on the sentimental chord, Mr. Lloyd George exclaims:—

I would invite its [Insurance Bill's] critics to name any State in the world which has either carried or submitted to its Legislature proposals which are half as generous towards the working classes as those which are contained in the Bill.

All fustian! As a very careful and admittedly fair critic, Mr. George Cave, states on his responsibility, Codlin's gene-

rosity can be thus measured. For 5d. of benefit, the client whom he weeps over will pay 4d. to start with, and 5d. in the long run. Mr. Shaw presents a similar conclusion somewhat differently. "The friend's" generosity according to him can be measured by his proposal to compel a man who is worth 17s. 6d. a week in the labour market, to accept 17s. 2d. Tacitus wrote of Vitellius:—

Inerat tamen simplicitas ac liberalitas, quae, ni adsit modus, in exitum vertuntur.

There was this distinguishing trait however between Vitellius and the modern prodigal. The profusion of Vitellius was in the opinion of Tacitus likely to encompass his own ruin, the generosity of the Chancellor in the opinion of those who are its victims will surely encompass theirs.

In a recent article we pointed out that the epidemic of strikes arose almost simultaneously with the production of the Chancellor's scheme of insurance. There is no doubt that the word went round that a deduction from wages was a feature of the scheme, and the agitator set to work to point out that a deduction of 4d. would not matter very much to the man who had previously obtained an increase in wages measured by three to six times that amount.

Mr. Lloyd George is the fondest of parents for his sickly bantlings. Horace and Cervantes have both satirized this failing, which in a sense is doubtless a virtue. There is a kind of virtue however which oversteps all bounds. "La vertu n'irait pas si loin si la vanité ne lui tenait compagnie." This is the kind of virtue with which the Chancellor is afflicted, and it leads him to say various things and to do various acts which are quite reprehensible.

For instance, he took a very active and prominent part, for which he obtained much praise, in bringing the railway strike to a temporary conclusion. He brushed his nominal leader on one side, and prescribed a tribunal of inquiry on his own lines. It is obvious that he hoped that his own panacea would prove successful.

That result would have been pleasing to his vanity, and conducive to his advancement. *Amour-propre*, however, suggested to him that it would be well by means of a saving clause to provide a *locus poenitentiae* for himself in case his pet tribunal should not succeed in conciliating those who might otherwise regard themselves in the light of cossets. Therefore in the House of Commons the Chancellor spoke thus:—

I am still very sanguine that when the men come to realise the full character of the proposal of the Government, that it is intended to give them every fair play and every opportunity, and that it is not at all a mere attempt to lure out of their hands the great weapon of striking, but that it is merely an attempt for the moment to see whether we cannot arrive at the facts, which must alone be the basis of safe negotiations, to arrive at that promptly, to arrive at it without loss of time, and in such a way that if the men are not satisfied with the recommendations of the Committee they still could fall back on the very powerful weapon in their hands.

What other explanation may we ask except the most sensitive form of self-esteem would induce a man to discredit in advance the instrument which he had created? There is no other explanation than that failure is so abhorrent to Mr. Lloyd George that he will practically embrace any expedient rather than run the risk of it. If that explanation be correct, it is clear that cajolery supersedes candour, and faith in motive is eliminated.

CECIL COWPER.



## AT THE WAR—I.

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT

TRIPOLI, October 17th, 1911.

WAR is a horrible institution at any time; it breaks up so many human ties, it upsets so many homes, it ruins so many interests, and hopelessly deranges the commercial sequence of a nation's life. Many who set out may never return again, and many a mother and sister will mourn in silence the loss of the bread-winner; for they are the real sufferers, not those who fall by bullet or by disease facing the enemy in the field. These are sustained by the excitement of the crowded hour, and by the presence of thousands of others ever around them who are experiencing exactly the same sensations—hopes, fears, triumphs, sorrows, hardships, and occasional moments of glory and real happiness—the latter being produced by a belated wash or a hearty meal. But the war between Turkey and Italy is different from all others in its conception, declaration, and mode of carrying on. It is surely the most one-sided struggle which ever was, and up to the present the most harmless and bloodless. It has lasted nearly three weeks, and the only slain are one Italian who was shot accidentally by a brother sentry, four Turks, two of whom were killed in the bombardment and two shot in a night attack on the outposts, and about a dozen men, women, and children who were slain, or reported to be slain, by fragments of shell during the historic bombardment.

Poor Turkey did not even want to fight; but Italy first demanded a province, and then, instead of giving the Turks time to decide whether they would yield it, informed them that, whether they wanted to or not, they must fight, because the Italian Navy and the Italian Army needed some mild exercise. So Turkey found herself at war with no Fleet to fight with and no foe to get at except the odd fifty thousand Italian inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire, who so far have been left unmolested. The Italian Fleet sailed away; the Duke of the Abruzzi managed to waylay the third-class Turkish torpedo-boats, and is now in a position to reopen negotiations with Miss Elkins of Washington; Admiral Aubry and his squadron bombarded some old stone walls at Tripoli, which two hundred years ago might possibly have been described as forts; the remainder of the Italian Fleet is now watching the Dardanelles, where the Turkish Fleet is safely ensconced, and where it will remain until the war-drums once more cease their rolling, and the war correspondents—the only visible symbols of hostilities—have been recalled by their respective journals.

The sea having been cleared, the mighty armada sailed from Italy, and already twenty-five thousand men are concentrated in Tripoli, in that small oasis in a desert of sand, eagerly looking out for an enemy who so far has only been conspicuous by his absence. Now I have learnt for the first time why the expedition was decided on in such indecent haste, and why the Turks were given no time in which to make up their minds whether they would fight or whether they would accept an indemnity for the loss of a province. It will come as a surprise to many to learn that, as usual, perfidious Albion was at the bottom of the affair, and that it was her subjects who caused this bloodless struggle to break out just at a moment when every one thought the peace of Europe was again assured until the snows of winter had once more melted in the Balkans.

For some time past a local syndicate in Tripoli has been in constant negotiation with the Turkish authorities to

obtain a concession for the construction of harbour works at Tripoli, the development of the docks and quays, the monopolising of the sponge industry, and the opening up of the phosphate mines—one of those general exploration syndicates, in fact, to which so many barbarous countries owe their first start in life amongst civilised Powers. The affair was almost completed; the terms of the concession were already decided upon and agreed to. The concessionaires had been in Europe and had obtained the support of the very tip-top Kings of Finance in London and Paris. In another fifteen days the concession would have been signed, sealed, and irrevocable, and no intervention of Italy at a later stage could have interfered with it. It would have been a *fait accompli* which only an international agreement could have upset. Now Italy wants Tripoli for commercial exploration, and for those very purposes which made it appear attractive to the capitalists of London and Paris. For many years the Italian Government have been counting the cost and saying to themselves, "Is the game worth the candle? Will the nation support us if we embark on a difficult and dangerous undertaking for very doubtful commercial recompense in the future?"

Now, when it came to the knowledge of the Italian Government that this great concession was about to be signed, sealed, and delivered, and that the most honoured names in *haute finance* were lending their support and backing it up with their millions, they were seized with a sudden alarm. The Government said: "If London and Paris are interested, the game must be worth the candle." Therefore, at all costs, the signing of the concession had to be stopped. That is why Italy delivered her mandate at a moment's notice, and, without even waiting for a reply, sent her Fleet to Tripoli and to the Dardanelles, and hastily prepared her army of occupation. Europe was taken completely by surprise, so unexpected and sudden was the move. Net result—Turkey has lost Tripoli, the concessionaires have lost their concession, and the Italians are saddled with an undertaking the magnitude of which they have never really estimated, and which will cost them an immense number of lives, an immense amount of time and trouble and expenditure, on which there can be absolutely no return for many years to come. That is the true inner history of the outbreak of this miserable little war. Now it has started Europe should do her best to end it as soon as possible. The sore is very mild and harmless at present, but there is no saying what it may develop into if it is not tended by the international surgeons in time. Nobody wants this war, and nobody has anything to gain by it. It is a blot and a disgrace, while it lasts, on Europe and on international morals, and it is extremely dull from the war correspondent's point of view. We all want to come home, as the process of watching nations corner sand in Northern Africa is now played out. England first set the example in Egypt, and now every other Power wants to follow suit, always forgetting that the only reason why it is of some value in Egypt is that the commercial children playing on the sands there have old Father Nile to dip their buckets in, whereas Tripoli has no Father Nile, and the commercial children here will soon grow tired of this make-believe game of building castles in the desert without any water to let into the moats, or in which to paddle when the sun is at its zenith.

The poor war correspondent, when a war breaks out, is hurried away from hearth and home at a moment's notice, and is told to get there before his rivals of the Press; if possible, to be on the landing-stage to greet the General and his staff when they land, and to point out to them any places of interest or of strategical advantage. The General is then photographed in every possible attitude; his name, the facts concerning his past, and his pictures, are sent to

every newspaper all over the world, and he finds himself famous before a shot has been fired, and even before the troops have reached the scene of hostilities.

I left London at the outbreak of war, and made my way to Rome, where I immediately proceeded to see Ministers and officials with a view to obtaining the necessary *laissez passer* which enables one to go where one wishes, and to become at once on good terms with the chiefs of the Army and Navy. The policy of the Italian Government has been truly Machiavellian throughout in its attitude towards the Press. I was received by the War Minister and by the Minister of Marine as if I had been their friend for life. They could not do enough for me. Signor Giolitti wrote a letter to the Minister of War telling him to do everything in his power "to aid me in the accomplishment of my mission." The Minister of War received me personally, greeted me with an expansive smile, sat down at his desk, and in his own handwriting wrote a letter to General Canova, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, telling him who I was, what interests I represented, and imploring him to do everything in his power "to aid me in the accomplishment of my mission." The Minister of Marine also sat down and wrote a letter to Admiral Aubry imploring him to do everything in his power "to aid me in the accomplishment of my mission." "This is going to be the softest job I was ever on," I said to myself as I left Rome. Never had I known the high officials so agreeable and so anxious to conciliate the European Press. How unlike the attitude adopted by the Japanese Government at the time of the Russo-Turkish War! What a relief it is to feel you are really welcome, and that your presence with the Army is desired and not regarded as an unwelcome intrusion! But what happened when I tried to turn these manifestations of friendship and goodwill to account I will relate in a subsequent letter.

## WALTER PATER

By FRANK HARRIS

ALL baggage is *impedimenta*, as the Latins knew, and even when the object is fame, who goes light travels far. Sappho's renown rests on a dozen lines; Keats shines among the immortals by virtue of a handful of poems, and it looks now as if Walter Pater would hold a place in English literature because of his one page about Leonardo's Mona Lisa. At any rate it must be admitted that his prose is assuredly finer and rarer than the faded, colourless picture.

The famous description is one of the few pages in English which contains a new and important thought: the idea that every spiritual event, such as the domination of Rome or the soul-searching of Christianity, must have its effect in refining and spiritualising the beauty of women was both new and true, and Pater wedded it to astonishing form. He wrote many other essays besides that on Leonardo, notably one on Winckelmann, which I always think should have been his masterpiece; a long novel, too, "Marius, the Epicurean," but he never touched that description of the Mona Lisa—indeed, he never came near it a second time.

It may be worth our while to try to explain this solitary moment of unique achievement. Only the other day Walter Pater walked these London streets; surely he carried no

secret with him beyond our divining. What manner of man then was he? A large personable figure, some five feet nine or ten in height, carefully dressed; nothing remarkable at first glance; but when he took off his hat the great forehead startled you. Someone has said finely that a large forehead in a man is like a great expanse of sky in a landscape.

Pater's face is best seen in a pencil sketch by Will Rothenstein—the strong outline frames a tyrannous huge forehead and large bony chin: the bare line with its reticence and economy haunts one, is filled with suggestion. The whole dark face is tantalising, mysterious, like a mask; the lips, hidden by the cascading, heavy moustache, excite curiosity. The eyes are not even indicated—one sees nothing but the eyelids; and yet, like the shuttered windows of a house, this secrecy is arresting; hints of enigma draw one to question. In life one disliked rather than noticed the heavy shutter-lids, the grey-green, lifeless, yet compelling eyes, with their occasional naked stare.

The jaws were strong enough to keep the desires in leash, and so the great dome of the forehead where thoughts had room to poise and swing on wings of rhythm came to mastery.

A curious contradiction was Walter Pater. He talked little just as he wrote little, and it was difficult to get to know him well. At first he kept to conventional, stereotyped phrases, dropped hesitatingly, almost timidly. But even after years of acquaintance and liking he never let himself go in speech, a fact which astonished me a little, though it made me notice that he never became confidential even when writing. If men learned anything of his faults and failings they did not learn them from him; he has left on record no weakness, however amiable, no shortcoming. He seemed to dread expansion of any sort. He never spoke of himself willingly, and as soon as you spoke of him he shrank back into his shell, so to speak, and answered guardedly in polite monosyllables.

If you pressed him he would tell of his method of work: how he went about for days writing and rewriting a single sentence on little pieces of paper till he had got it perfect. He would talk freely enough, too, on literature and art—boldly even if the audience were sympathetic. I remember after one dinner he declared that the *scoriae* in Shakespeare took away from the value of his product: "I can't bear the *scoriae*," he kept repeating; "I could do with less gold if the *scoriae* were absent: the *scoriae*—the *scoriae*. . . ."

He shrank from life and gave his heart to literature and artistic accomplishment. Pater belonged by nature to the Fraternity of the Faithless. This world filled his horizon; he cared nothing for any other, and seemed annoyed when forced to admit the possibility of a life beyond the grave. This visible world all shaped to beauty was Pater's ideal. Like Gautier, he loved the figures of white youths swaying on marble horses without bridle and without saddle on a background of deep blue, as on the frieze of the Parthenon. He was a pagan of pagans, and sensual beauty satisfied his soul. He often spoke of Christianity as a disease, a white leprosy born of weakness and fear, a shining scab on the sore of the world. If men were all healthy and strong, he felt sure, Christianity would cease to exist. He had no notion whatever of its universal appeal: no conception of Love as the road we all must follow who would reach the Heavenly Kingdom. He looked upon its faith as inferior to Buddhism because less reasonable and in essence even sadder; he talked of the Day of Judgment as ridiculous, just as if every atom of stone and flesh in this world were not set to Justice and eager for judgment. He had no idea that the Judgment Day was to be found in his own careful pondered



comparison of this church or picture with that, the balanced, cautious, æsthetic judgments he spent his life in making ever more precise.

What was the motive-power in him? What kept him to his work? He lived in Oxford for many years in comparative seclusion as a Fellow; the full stream of life did not tempt him greatly; even in youth he preferred his College backwater; but with the years he grew a little bolder and came to live in Kensington. His home life there with his two sisters was cloistral and correct to a fault; everything went like clockwork without even a tick to break the silence. Early Victorian primness lay on the house like a spell. There must, I thought, be some blood somewhere, some revolt; but all that was sub-conscious; decorum was Pater's gospel and rule of life. And yet his writing was sometimes sensuous, bold.

He talks of Leonardo as "the love-child of his father's youth, with the keen *puissant* nature such children often have. . . ." But it was in another portrait—that of Denys L'Auxerrois—that I found, or thought I found, Pater's confession. All of us who are "lovers of strange souls" should read that singular sketch of an artist-spirit. Not uncharacteristic is it that Denys, too, like Leonardo, was probably born out of wedlock, and that Pater dwells on the unhappy union:—

"There were some who connected his birth with the story of a beautiful country girl who, about eighteen years before, had been taken from her own people, not unwillingly, for the pleasure of the Count of Auxerre. She had wished indeed to see the great lord, who had sought her privately, in the glory of his own house; but, terrified by the strange splendours of her new abode and manner of life and the anger of the true wife, she had fled suddenly from the place during the confusion of a violent storm, and in her flight given birth prematurely to a child. The child, a singularly fair one, was found alive, but the mother dead, by lightning-stroke as it seemed, not far from her lord's chamber-door, under the shelter of a ruined ivy-clad tower. . . . Denys himself certainly was a joyous lad."

With keen delight Pater tells how the joyous boy Denys—they called him *Frank* among other nicknames—went to the great cathedral, joined in the solemn game of ball, and turned it into a wild romp—

Leaping in among the timid children, he made the thing really a game. The boys played like boys, the men almost like madmen, and all with a delightful glee which became contagious, first in the clerical body, and then among the spectators. The aged Dean of the Chapter, Protonotary of his Holiness, held up his purple skirt a little higher, and stepping from the ranks with amazing levity, as if suddenly relieved of his burden of eighty years, tossed the ball with his foot to the venerable capitular Homilist, equal to the occasion. . . .

Pater revels in the mad outburst—thanks to Denys, he says:—

At last a new spirit was abroad everywhere. The hot nights were noisy with swarming troops of dishevelled women and youths with red-stained limbs and faces, carrying their lighted torches over the vine-clad hills, or rushing down the streets, to the horror of timid watchers, towards the cool spaces by the river. A shrill music, a laughter at all things, was everywhere. And the new spirit repaired even to church to take part in the novel Offices of the Feast of Fools. Heads flung back in ecstasy—the morning sleep among the vines, when the fatigue of the night was over—dew-drenched garments—the serf lying at his ease at last; the artists, then so numerous at the place, caught what

they could, something, at least, of the richness, the flexibility of the visible aspects of life, from all this. . . . And the powers of Nature concurred. It seemed there would be winter no more.

Pater's delight in the Bacchante revel, in that "great season," as he calls it, shows me the cloistral way to his wild human heart. Read how he tells of Denys' love of animals, of the earth-born creature with his *rich bestiary* (from which alone the owl of wisdom was rigidly excluded), which brought him the suspicion and then the hatred of the people.

Read, too, of his coarse "degeneration—the coarseness of satiety and shapeless battered-out appetite" (surely that curiously inapplicable "battered-out" in a man so scrupulous in epithet is in itself soul-revealing). The cruelty of lust goes to murder, and madness. . . . "the wine had soured in the cup," and then the one illuminating sentence which no one but Pater could have written: "The Golden Age had indeed come back for a while: *golden was it, or gilded only, after all?* and they were too sick, or, at least, too serious, to carry through their parts in it." . . . "Denys became a novice." Am I wrong in italicising these phrases? I cannot think so. Pater to me is all in the mad revel, and the cold reasonable reflection—"too serious." He appears to me as a form of sensuality, a spasm-jet of temperament frozen to rigidity by an iron will.

But why this lava-crust of self-restraint, binding and constraining the volcanic fiery flood of an inordinate desire? The explanation is simple, purely physical. The man's heart was weak. Pater died of heart-failure at fifty-five in spite of a quiet, regular life. His shyness and recluse habits, his horror of contradiction or argument, his comparative disingenuousness—all cowardice, mere timidity. Had he been born with a strong heart, pumping hot, generous blood through his brains, he might have been a world-artist—another Goethe.

He seemed at times to half realise his own shortcomings. "Had I So-and-so's courage and heart," he cried more than once, "ah, if —," and suddenly the mood would change, the light in the eyes die out, and, with a half smile, he would add, chuckling, "I might have been a criminal. He! he! he!" and then he would move with little, careful steps across the room to his chair.

The question remains: If not a great man, what is he? Has Pater a place in English literature? Did he withdraw himself from men, and give himself to writing with infinite care and an extraordinary sense of beauty, only to miss the supreme reward? I cannot think so. Most people will say it is his style which saved Pater; but I find nothing in his style which was not in his nature. The sensuality is there, the austere self-restraint, the precision, the timidity, the love of natural rhythm, the plain chant of a sober and sensuous imagination.

Walter Pater was no mere conventional lay figure; but a man whose influence was a liberating one. Out of the prison of Puritanism he helped to lead men into the sunlight and the daisy-starred meadows of life. He was not rich and bold; but it must be said of him that he was pathetically true to his ideal. He could not brave the open sea of life and its wild waves; he would not challenge "the suspicion and hatred of the people;" he would keep silence; but he would not lie or play the hypocrite. In his own quiet way he did his work and gave his message. He was an artist to the finger-tips, and his high sincerity transmuted his physical weakness even, into the artistic beauty of austere self-restraint which was the dominant note of his style and of his life.

## REVIEWS

## A BENGALI AUTHOR

*A Study of Indian Economics.* By PRAMATHANATH BANERJEA, M.A. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

It is always desirable to know what the advanced Indians are thinking and the line they are likely to take in controversial questions. This little book by Mr. Pramathanath Banerjea to some extent supplies this requirement. His name as an author or Professor of Political Economy was not previously known to the English public. But he should be treated seriously. His book is sure to have an extensive circulation in India, where anything in print is regarded as gospel truth, especially if it contains reflections upon Government measures or officers or their imputed shortcomings; it puts into shape many of the ideas which are floating in the minds of his countrymen. It is seldom that he attacks the Government openly and directly. He is much too clever for that. He poses as a scientific inquirer, free from political bias, attempting "to represent the different sides to every question in the fairest possible manner." But, under this assumed cloak of judicial fairness, he has some pretty strong remarks to offer:—

Now the question which suggests itself is, How far does this expansion of revenue furnish evidence of increasing prosperity? This question is answered differently by different individuals and parties. The officials would say that general prosperity has undoubtedly increased; some Indian patriots would, on the contrary, regard the increase of revenue as being due to the rapacity of the Government.

After dilating on the natural resources of India, the fertility of the soil, the abundance and cheapness of labour, he writes:—

The annual production is not at all comparable to that of any other civilised nation. The country generally is not in a prosperous condition. There are some who would go so far as to assert that the condition of the middle classes of society has decidedly become worse than before, while the poorer classes lead a precarious sort of existence from year's end to year's end.

In another passage he harps on the glories of previous ages:—

There was a time when India was one of the chief manufacturing countries of the world. Even as late as the eighteenth century she was on a par with Europe in industrial matters, and her manufactures found a ready market in many foreign countries. Until recent years Indian industries were always worked by hand labour.

And the old tale is told how—

In manufacture the Hindus attained to a marvellous perfection at a very early period, and the Courts of Imperial Rome glittered with gold and silver brocades of Delhi. The muslins of Dacca were famous ages ago throughout the civilised world.

It was, he avers, the industrial revolution of the eighteenth century in Europe that ruined Indian manufactures, and reduced it to the position of an almost entirely agricultural country. The hope for India lies in the improvement of her agriculture and the development of her industrial manufactures, though he offers no suggestions of his own as to the course to be adopted:—

The productive capabilities of India are great [so he summarises the position]. She possesses an abundance of

natural resources and a plentiful supply of cheap labour; but she lacks capital, enterprise, and organisation. The defects are, however, remediable, and, as a matter of fact, attempts are being made to overcome them.

Yes, indeed, with European capital, energy, and skill. Mr. Banerjea has to recognise the fact that, through the want of Indian enterprise, the shyness and smallness of indigenous capital, the ignorance and apathy of the natives of India, the mining and factory industries and the more important of the industrial arts are mainly in the hands of Europeans; he is wise enough to see that India cannot do without foreign capital. "It will be a short-sighted policy to reject it on sentimental grounds;" it is "not necessarily harmful," but he considers it necessary to form a clear conception of the limits within which the application of foreign capital is beneficial, and, like the patriots of Japan, he would not allow the profits of industry to go out of the country. Railways afford, therefore, in his view, an instance of the right use of such capital. But, quoting Sir Vithaldas Thackersey, he adopts the extraordinary idea "that it would be to the permanent good of the country to allow petroleum to remain underground and gold to rest in the bowels of the earth until the gradual regeneration of the country, which must come about under British rule, enables her own industrialists to raise them and get the profits of the industries." Let us spoil the English for Indian interests, as the Israelites spoiled the Egyptians of old, is his principle.

Mr. Banerjea skilfully enumerates the economic characteristics special to India, such as the comparative immobility of labour, the domination of custom over free competition, the dependence of social distinctions upon the possession of intellectual and spiritual qualities rather than upon wealth, the advantages and disadvantages of the caste system (the former prevailing), the small proportion of the comparatively well-to-do classes to the entire community, the various opinions entertained as to the prospect of an industrial revolution in India, the want of trustworthy statistics, the liability to famine through failure of rainfall, the denudation of the forests, the limited knowledge of the cultivators, the abundance of raw materials other than wool, the want of organisation, and other facts of the whole economic problem which should be more generally recognised. His statements, however, cannot be accepted without reserve—when he states, for instance, that the conditions of labour which prevail in the tea plantations are so objectionable that educated Indians would rather see the industry die out than flourish. He omits to mention that some tea-gardens are owned and financed by Indians, and that many Indians find employment therein.

His book will be useful to students and politicians for the facts and figures which he has extracted from official publications, though there again his quotations require watching. For instance, the figures of Indian trade given by him (in 1909-10, total imports 154 crores of rupees, total exports 194 crores) do not tally with those given on a page immediately following—namely, imports 115 crores, exports 167 crores. He is doubtless correct in his main statement that the wage-earners have suffered loss, because the rise in wages has not kept pace with the rise in prices, but his examination of the causes of the rise is by no means exhaustive. The question is so difficult, indeed, that the Government have deputed a competent officer to investigate the extent and the cause of the rise in prices. Mr. Banerjea has summarised usefully the principles of direct and indirect taxation, bringing out the different theories and the chief maxims to be applied in practice, the commonplaces of political economy, which have often been enunciated. On taxation in the concrete he is not always so clear. With regard to the land revenue, which forms 41 per cent. of the total revenue, he has fallen into the old confusion between



revenue and rent, and consequently writes with a want of certainty. The true case can be easily stated. From time immemorial a share of the produce of the land has been the chief source of public revenue in India. The share which the tenant pays to a landlord, or an intermediate to a superior landlord, is rent; the share which the highest landlord pays to the Government is revenue; where Government is the landlord rent and revenue become convertible terms. Mr. Fawcett and Mr. J. S. Mill, quoted by Sir John Strachey, regarded the whole process as justifiable land taxation, and there the matter may rest. But Mr. Banerjea's proposal that temporary settlements (of land revenue) should be made for fifty years, and not for twenty or thirty, is Utopian; no Government could afford to forego the increase which is justified by the general rise in the value of crops and the improved conditions of the country. It is not the only idea that Mr. Banerjea has borrowed from the late Mr. R. C. Dutt (whose views were exploded by Lord Curzon in 1902) and from the National Indian Congress. He follows that party in calling for the protection of India's fiscal interests, including protection against Great Britain itself. There have been indications that this subject will be warmly advocated in the Councils which have lately been enlarged, and strong feelings will be aroused. We have said enough to show that Mr. Banerjea's book is a remarkable one, though far from being complete or trustworthy. The Government of India will be well advised to examine it and correct its errors before they lead to serious mischief.

## CRIME AND CHEMISTRY

*Casanova and His Time.* By EDOUARD MAYNIAL. Translated by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

*Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times, 1630-1676.* By HUGH STOKES. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

"It is unfortunate that the wicked people are generally more interesting than the good," as Mr. Stokes remarks in the Preface to his entertaining "*Madame de Brinvilliers and Her Times*." We might add a rider to the effect that the good people are most interesting when they are engaged in frustrating the wicked. But wickedness is the essential, or if it is not precisely wickedness, it is something wrong with the ordinary course of the world; the daily newspaper is our witness, and its readers. The baser sort rush to the law and police news; the sadder, more earnest minds, batten on accidents and rumours of war. But to one and all "the patent bag comes out and prophesies disasters," and it is for such that they are ready to pay. Sir William Gilbert's "Sorcerer" found his "superior blessings" rather a drug; but as to his "penny curses"—why he "couldn't turn them out fast enough." Madame Tussaud's could hardly continue to exist without the "Chamber of Horrors."

Whether Casanova ever really qualified for such a select society as the one we have just mentioned is a slightly difficult question to answer. He was a rogue and a vagabond—it would be unjust to deny him that—but he was never properly found out, and he lived in an age of brisk competition. Italian adventurers (especially from Venice) are one of the features of cosmopolitan eighteenth-century history; some were rogues, some were vagabonds, and many of them were both. Among those with whom we meet in M. Maynial's pages are Algarotti, Lorenzo da Ponte, and Cagliostro; a rogue of Casanova's own stature, with whom he had many a passage of arms, was the Comte de Saint-Germain, an extraordinary character, who professed to have lived for

several centuries, and who dated one of his reminiscences by saying that it occurred when he was "dining with the Fathers of the Council of Trent." Casanova and Saint-Germain were rivals in the exploitation of Mme. d'Urfé, and subsequently they crossed each other's paths again and again. Some of their most baffling encounters, not yet fully elucidated even by M. Maynial, were connected with the famous secret diplomacy of Louis XV. Saint-Germain, in particular, seems to have first represented the unofficial diplomacy of the King, and then to have served Choiseul in England as a spy on the unaccredited envoys. Casanova's own mission in Holland was particularly mysterious. His specialities were occult medicine of the "stay where you are, and don't get older" type, alchemy, pure witchcraft, and freemasonry. He managed somehow to avoid a final catastrophe, and ended his days as librarian to the rich Count Waldstein in Bohemia.

Casanova's popularity in literature has largely depended on his adventures in the fields of gallantry. M. Maynial considers that his celebrated *Memoirs* constitute a serious historical document. His information has the unexpected quality of turning out, on examination, to be mostly accurate. The sincerity of his reflections over some of his knaveries, very much in the style of Benvenuto Cellini, give a hint of something of the sort; the corroboration of some of his conversations with Voltaire from the published works of that philosopher needs, perhaps, a little more checking to establish; but there is little doubt that the biographer is right in his main contention—that Casanova has a real historical importance, apart from his value as a mirror of the age. We regret that the famous episode of his escape from the Piombi prison is omitted from the narrative. Of his gallant adventures one specimen, the entanglement with La Charpillon, is given at some length, and others are hinted at. The work is conceived in a sober and scholarly spirit, and the translation is easy and pleasant to read.

If the Venetian quack was, on the whole, a fairly harmless villain (he did not actually kill Mme. d'Urfé, though his drugs helped Nature), Mme. de Brinvilliers was a ruthless and terrible one. She seems to have belonged to the type familiar to modern criminologists, of wrongdoers who have no sense of morality or humanity. She has her prototypes among the Faustinas and Messalinas of Imperial Rome and in some of the women of the Renaissance. It seems certain that she killed successively her father and her two brothers, that she made a determined attempt on her sister, and designed the deaths of many other persons who crossed her path, and that one of her last feelings was resentment against those who were punishing her for what she regarded as a venial error. She had some little excuse for this point of view in the fact that the crime of poisoning had taken deep root in French society, and was to lead in the following years to a series of startling disclosures. But her failure to realise the horror of her deeds is just that which makes her story so utterly grim and appalling. It is curious to reflect that the historical notoriety of this sinister Marquise is mainly due to the pen of the most charming and open-hearted of Marquises, Mme. de Sévigné. The contrast between the writer of the famous Letters and the subject of some of them makes the story of the crimes only the more lurid.

Mr. Stokes, in his work, makes no attempt at heightening the horrors; he is not concerned solely with Mme. de Brinvilliers; he has tried, and with a very large measure of success, to give an account of French society during the first years of Louis XIV., and thereby to provide a frame to his canvas. In fact we are rather led by his Introduction to gather that the frame is the important part of his portrait. In any case the picture of the "Grand

*Siècle* is a very vivid one, though its partial dependence on a particular narrative produces at times a curious effect.

The story occasionally suffers. It reminds us of the method of Victor Hugo, in the *"Travailleurs de la Mer"* for instance, where Gilliat is left struggling in the embraces of "la pieuvre," while the author begins a new chapter, consecrated to a minute description of the habits and appearance of the monster. Mr. Stokes is at some pains to treat his thesis from the point of view of what we may call comparative morality. He collects manifold instances of offences against modern morality, regarded with tolerance in seventeenth-century France. Thus peculation, the universal acceptance of Royal mistresses, and even poisoning itself appear as phenomena not likely in themselves to shock severely contemporary opinion. Kings and Ministers were the people most interested in the repression of poisoning, and the Brinvilliers case was used by them as an awful example. Sainte-Croix, the lover of Madame de Brinvilliers, is the seventeenth-century adventurer, climbing to fame by the ladder of female influence, like his successors in Goncourt and Balzac, and using chemical aids, like Casanova and Saint-Germain, though for their quackery he substituted a more sinister quality. A knowledge of deadly drugs was at the command of any one who had eyes to read. Mr. Stokes seems to exhaust the material of this famous case, and his analysis of the trial leaves that impression of inconclusiveness that a well-handled legal business always gives to the lay mind. Without Madame de Brinvilliers' confession, a most unaccountable document, which she did her best to disown, we should have found it hard to convince ourselves of her guilt. Mr. Stokes has a very original and attractive style, and his frequent habit of citing "modern instances" gives piquancy without vulgarity. The illustrations, particularly Nanteuil's engravings of Fouquet and Colbert, are often delightful and generally well chosen.

### A SPIRIT IN PRISON

*My Own Story.* By LOUISA OF TUSCANY, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony. (Eveleigh Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE propriety of this book will be questioned by many readers, but its deep and abiding human interest cannot be denied. It is one of the most amazing pieces of self-revelation that this generation has seen. It would almost seem that some men and women were destined to unhappiness from their birth. If this be so, then assuredly Louisa of Tuscany is of their number. The midwife who ushered her into the world had the reputation of being a clairvoyante. Taking the new-born child into her arms she exclaimed: "This child is destined to wear a crown, but her future will be an unhappy one, and sorrows innumerable will be her portion." The prophecy has been abundantly fulfilled. Louisa of Tuscany is the victim of temperament and of heredity. The fatal blood of the Hapsburgs flows in her veins. A child of sunshine and of laughter, she has been fated to pass the best years of her life among the gloom and seclusion of a Court where both laughter and sunshine are unknown. A born rebel, she has failed to learn the lesson that happiness is best attained by submission to the inevitable. The result has been tragedy—and tragedy unrelieved by any gleam of hope.

At the same time, one cannot avoid the conclusion that many of the troubles of the ex-Crown Princess of Saxony have been of her own making. Beset by enemies, she has made no endeavour to convert those enemies into friends. She appears to be a woman of strong affections and of equally violent dislikes. Her language with regard to those people for whom she has conceived an aversion borders upon

hysteria. It is difficult to believe, for instance, that the late King George of Saxony was the human monster that he is depicted to have been in these pages. Of one of the officials at the Dresden Court she writes: "He is only worthy to be termed a noxious reptile." Another unfortunate Court nurse is described as "an ugly, hunchbacked woman, whose mind is as distorted as her body." Little wonder that a woman who is capable of so expressing herself has succeeded in rousing strong and implacable resentments.

But—when all needful deductions have been made—it is impossible to read this book without a feeling of deep compassion for the writer. In any other station of life her lot might have been a happy one; but she was ill-fitted to sustain the restraints and restrictions that beset the wearer of a crown. She had the true temperament of the Hapsburgs—"that curious mental 'kink'" (to use her own words) "which has driven some to suicide, banishment, and self-effacement." It is an expensive idiosyncrasy, and Louisa of Tuscany has paid the full price.

She tells her amazing story without reticence and without remorse. No detail is hidden, no ugly fact suppressed. Never perhaps has the fierce light that beats upon a throne revealed so much that is mean and sordid and repellent. There is scarcely a man in the whole dismal chronicle, if we except the unhappy Frederick-August, for whom one can feel a shadow of liking, or even of sympathy.

Early in life she was wooed by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. She appears to have liked him, but her affection never kindled into love. Ferdinand, however, was a persistent wooer. He refused to take "No" for an answer, and carried his case to the Princess's mother, only to be told that "when once Louisa has made up her mind, neither God nor the devil will make her change it."

The same evening (proceeds the narrative) I sat next the Bulgarian Lord High Chamberlain, the Count de Bourbonnion, who was quite an interesting man, and, as Ferdinand had brought several smart young Bulgarian officers in his suite, the time passed pleasantly. and I chattered away to my heart's content. Ferdinand was in a vile temper, and when courtesy obliged him to drink my health he banged his glass savagely on the table, as if his one idea was to break it; he sulked, and hardly spoke at all, and gobbled bread incessantly. From time to time he sent vindictive glances in my direction as I sat making myself particularly agreeable to his Minister, with the somewhat malicious motive, I am afraid, of endeavouring to make the Count realise what a charming Princess of Bulgaria I should have made.

The general outlines of the story, which concerns the ill-fated marriage of Louisa of Tuscany to Prince Frederick-August of Saxony, are already public property. From the first the marriage appears to have been a tragic blunder. It is due, however, to the Princess to say that she never attempts to throw any blame upon her husband. "He is affectionate, upright, pure-minded," she writes, "and his fatal weakness of character in great crises is solely due to his inborn indecision of temperament."

The Court at Dresden proved to be a purgatory. Every natural instinct, every spontaneous outburst of feeling was suppressed, and the unhappy Princess was doomed to wear a life-long mask. It seemed that in electing to become a Princess she had renounced her right to be a woman. The etiquette of the Court, like an iron vice, held her in its grip. To keep Ten Commandments is difficult enough. To keep ten thousand must be almost impossible. The Princess found herself entirely out of sympathy with the intellectual atmosphere of the Court. It was, she maintains, narrowly religious, and the influence of the Jesuits was everywhere paramount. Louisa failed to adapt herself to her environment. She was looked upon with universal distrust—treated,



as she says, "like a little girl who requires a very strict governess."

Once she succeeded in breaking through the rigid bounds of Court routine. She was to have attended the Opera at Dresden with the Royal Family, but she pleaded a headache, and begged to be excused. Then, with the connivance of her children's old nurse, she contrived to disguise herself, and stole away to the Opera House, where she witnessed a part of the performance from the gallery. The criticisms of the "gods" on the Royal Family, seated below them in a box, are retailed, not without malice.

So the years dragged on. In the meanwhile the Princess's calumniators had been at work. Every effort to discredit the unhappy woman was made, until, shortly before the birth of her last child, she was accused of having an intrigue with her son's tutor, M. Giron. Both parties indignantly denied the charge, but the King of Saxony was furious, and told his daughter-in-law that he would have her sent to a madhouse. There was but one way out of the difficulty—flight. "My baby must never, never be born in a madhouse," exclaims the distracted mother. So she goes cautiously to work. Her health, she represents, is giving way, and it will be necessary for her to go to her parents for a few days. Leave of absence is accordingly granted, and Louisa flies to Salzburg, only to be rudely repulsed.

Her brother Leopold then urges her to accompany him to Switzerland. She gladly consents, and on her arrival finds that Leopold is about to be married to a woman of the people! Deserted once more, her thoughts fly to M. Giron. Scandal had been busy with the names of these two. Let scandal do its worst. So, with the dread of the madhouse still uppermost in her mind, she summons M. Giron to Switzerland. "Looking back with matured judgment," she writes, "I can see that I was entirely misguided in my method of defying fate; but my explanation must be that my mind was then unfitted to judge of the real seriousness of my act." The narrative closes with a statement of the marriage of the ex-Crown Princess of Tuscany to Signor Toselli.

There is much in this book which had far better never have been written—much, we think, that the ex-Crown Princess herself will upon mature reflection regret. But as a study of a curiously baffling and complex personality "My Own Story" is a permanent acquisition to the literature of our time.

### THE GAELIC SPIRIT

*Mearing Stones.* By JOSEPH CAMPBELL. With Sixteen Pencil Drawings by the Author. 3s. 6d. net.

*The Mountain Singer.* By SEOSAMH MACCATHMHAOIL. 2s. 6d. net.

*The Gilly of Christ.* By SEOSAMH MACCATHMHAOIL. With Three Symbols by ADA M. WENTWORTH SHEILDS. 1s. net. (Maunsell and Co., Dublin.)

WHETHER he elect to be known as Joseph Campbell or to pass under the Gaelic form of that name, there is a certain spirit in all his work that cannot fail to mark him as, above all, a Gaelic singer. It is something that cannot be mistaken once it is heard, and it marks both his poetry and his prose. There are those who speak of it in its purest essence as something uncanny, as something which transcends the ordinary processes of the intellect, and takes its way through the blue of the air above, or through the brown earth, or in the green grass, appearing suddenly with no path to mark its progress, known not in its passage, but to be discovered only in its arrival. In this way, tradi-

tion says, the ancient Gaelic poets, revered as sacred by the countryside, passed their way from village to village, and there is therefore the kinship of process as well as the intuition of the mind to account for the allegation. In Mr. Campbell's work may be seen both the intuition and the process in his poetry and his prose. One is as sporadic, as gusty, and as uncertain as the other. Both are whimsical; but while one is at its best pure and rare, the other is strange and wild. Yet the chief distinction is that, while the poetry is, with all its whimsicality and irresponsibility, in each of its units compact of one complete emotion, the prose is disjointed and suggestive.

There are more than traces in both poetry and prose of an influence quite other than Gaelic. Indeed, often the two are held in such a balance of parts that it is impossible to dis sever one from the other. The whole idea of "Mearing Stones," for example, is indebted to Nietzsche. The book starts thus: "In the mountains," says Nietzsche, "the shortest way is from summit to summit;" and one remembers, as one reads the book, that even as Mr. Campbell so also Nietzsche gave out his matter in a series of ejaculations, whether the ejaculations confined themselves to a single interjected sentence or occupied the length of a more laboured paragraph. In one as in the other the method is singularly appropriate. In "Mearing Stones" the sub-title is "Leaves from my Note-book on Tramp in Donegal." The notes are not framed into a whole; they are just given as they occur. Some of them are idle and trivial enough from the standpoint of the reader, who knows not the occasion that woke them in Mr. Campbell's mind. Others haunt the memory, like a sudden illuminating ray that throws out a startling picture from the darkness. Yet even in some of these one may trace the mind of a man thoroughly acquainted with Nietzsche. Take for example the following:—

I met an old man on the road, and his face as yellow as dyer's rocket. "Walk easy past that little house beyond," says he in a whisper, turning round and pointing with his staff into the valley. "There's a young girl in it, and she celebrating the festival of death."

Now there is something essentially Gaelic in this; yet sprawled across it one can see just where Mr. Campbell derived his phrase "The festival of death." It is permissible, even necessary, for an author to refine peasant speech into literature (though less necessary in the West of Ireland than elsewhere); and there is no doubt that a mind fairly familiar with the Irish symbolising and ritualistic way of thought, in the best and purest sense of that word, will be able to trace the essential truth of Mr. Campbell's relation; yet it is not hard to see that in this case at least the Gael has been a student of literatures other than his own. In the volumes of poems, similarly, it is obvious that the poet, to his own considerable loss, has sought to mimic a note as foreign as that of robust Walt Whitman. In title and product "A Thousand Feet Up" is such a poem. In other poems some critics would be quick to say that there is derivation from Blake; but here we differ. It must always be remembered that Blake himself was a Gael. He chose subjects that required to be delivered in a certain way simply because he was himself; and any other poet choosing a similar subject for an identical reason would find it necessary to deliver it in an identical manner.

The excellent, though limited, value of a book such as "Mearing Stones" is that in reading it through one hears, as it were, over and over again, the authentic life of Donegal. Take, for example, the paragraph entitled "Derry People":—

Donegal is what I call "County-proud." Speaking of Derry—the marching county—an old woman said to me the

other day:—"Och, there's no gentility about the Derry people. They go at a thing like a day's work."

That is more illuminating than much talk about the Irish temperament, and the influence of the Scots in the north-east of that country. It is geographically illuminating too. In such a phrase as that Donegal takes its stand with Mayo and Sligo in emphatic opposition to Derry and Antrim. Nevertheless, in all his prose Mr. Campbell never succeeds in catching and expressing the spirit of the county of his travels as he does in the illustrations that bedeck the book. We have never seen anything that has so transported us to the place where the roads are stony, the bogs gloomy, the mountains tragic, the skies grey and louring, the huts broken and the people poor beyond expression, yet where a mystic beauty haunts both scape and people that is inexpressibly melancholy and inevitably attractive.

Still it is not for his graphic pen that Mr. Campbell is chiefly held in affectionate regard. He has written poetry, much of which cannot leave a permanent memory, however it may aid in the general body of his work; some few lyrics will certainly be remembered by any who have a regard for the subtle musics that wash the soul clean in the general soilure of a day's experience. There are some that, we venture to say, have even won their claim to permanent attention. Who, for instance, will easily permit the following to pass from memory?—

When rooks fly homeward  
And shadows fall,  
When roses fold  
On the hay-yard wall,  
When blind moths flutter  
By door and tree,  
Then comes the quiet  
Of Christ to me.

When stars look out  
On the Children's Path,  
And grey mists gather  
On carn and rath,  
When night is one  
With the brooding sea.  
Then comes the quiet  
Of Christ to me.

There are other poems that must be tenderly remembered, some of which carry in the rhythm of their words the musical air to which they were written; but nothing that Mr. Campbell (or Seosamh MacCathmhaoil, if he prefer it that way) has done can even rival the slow beauty of that.

## A FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE PUBLIC

*Sixty-eight Years on the Stage.* By MRS. CHARLES CALVERT.  
(Mills and Boon. 10s. 6d.)

THE younger generation of playgoers who associate Mrs. Charles Calvert with comic old ladies will do well to read her simple, straightforward, unaffected, and modest story of a long and arduous life. They will not only be led by this grand old actress behind the scenes and discover a great many of the trials and struggles and disappointments which Providence deals out to people who are, as a rule, surrounded by the glamour of the footlights, but they will be rewarded by becoming acquainted with a very good, kind, brave, and sweet woman, who lived laborious days with cheerfulness and optimism, achieved fame and comparative riches without conceit and disillusion, was a good wife, a good mother, and one who cannot find a bitter or an unkind word to say

of any man or woman. Also they will become acquainted with the great struggle that was made by Charles Calvert to raise the stage above the level of barn-storming and be able to draw intensely interesting analogies between the productions and acting of to-day and those of forty or fifty years ago. In a wholly chatty and unpretentious manner, Mrs. Charles Calvert adds very valuably to the history of the English stage in the English provinces, London and America, and paints many faithful pictures of the lives, aims, and characters of such people as Phelps and Booth and John Lawrence Toole, Henry Irving, Robert Buchanan, Madame Vestris, and Miss Mary Anderson, Arthur Sullivan, and George Bernard Shaw. Many other equally interesting persons flit through her pages, although, rightly enough, her book is mainly a detailed account of her own life and work.

Mrs. Charles Calvert tells us that she was, metaphorically speaking, born on the stage, and played in Shakespeare at the tender age of seven. While still in her youth she first toured in America, and then, in conjunction with her husband, made Manchester what it has become again (in the hands of Miss Horniman) the first city in England, dramatically speaking. She shows how hard-working and simple and commonplace were the private lives of stage favourites when she was young—how devoid of the pretence and snobishness and social ambition which are the bad features of the private lives of the leading actors of to-day:—

The work was hard, she writes, because in all the theatres the bill was changed every night—even Drury Lane and Covent Garden changed their programme each evening. An actress had to find all her own costumes, and as the sewing-machine was not then invented, the alteration and retrimming of dresses was a tedious and daily task. Added to this the salaries were miserably small, and it can be easily understood that the patrician young ladies and gentlemen of the time were not anxious to join the theatrical ranks, and that, therefore, the supply scarcely equalled the demand. . . . The life, after all, had its compensations. The employment was continuous, the lodgings were returned to again and again, until the landladies were like old friends (and second mothers to us children), and the scanty wardrobe of the actress was often supplemented by gifts from the fashionable ladies, who would stop in their carriages and leave a parcel with their compliments.

How much better and more interesting would be the stage of to-day if the same conditions prevailed! We should not then so often complain of the hopeless incapability of much-advertised stars, who spend most of their long leisure at well-known clubs or in expensive motor-cars when they should be learning how to act:—

Many a time did Irving accompany my husband home to share our bit of hot supper (which usually consisted of Irish stew). Sometimes the fire in our little parlour would have got low, when we would adjourn to the kitchen, where, with our feet on the fender, we would discuss Shakespeare, dramatic art and poetry, until the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal."

To-day, actors who cannot pretend to the ability either of Irving or Charles Calvert have supper at the Carlton and adjourn to palatial houses in Mayfair, or pseudo-medieval halls high up above their theatres for post-prandial discussion. But what would Calvert say could he see their glittering productions of Shakespeare and listen to their amateurish delivery of immemorial verse? Mrs. Calvert does not venture upon any criticism. Once or twice only, when writing of her engagements with modern managers, she hints at the inefficiency, carelessness, and timidity which are so obvious to the general public. Certainly one of her most entertaining recollections is that which deals with the first



production of a Bernard Shaw play in London—"Arms and the Man"—at the Avenue Theatre in 1894. We were there, and well remember the amazement, bewilderment, and almost horror of most of the audience, and the half-hearted criticisms which appeared in the papers the next day.

The play was produced hurriedly [it followed an appalling and well-deserved failure], we were none of us too conversant with our parts, and, at times, the public failed to grasp the intensely clever things that were thrown at them, but the verdict was decidedly favourable; and when Mr. Shaw appeared before the curtain he received an enthusiastic reception, marred only by one boo from a man in the gallery. Mr. Shaw's clever impromptu is well known: "I quite agree with that gentleman up there, but what is the use of his opinion and mine if the rest of the audience think differently?"

We wonder if Mrs. Calvert ever imagined that Mr. Shaw would become a cult, start a school, and invest the English language with a new word? The book has given us great pleasure, a wonderful insight into the industry and perseverance of actors of the old school, made us see even more clearly some of the reasons for the decline and fall of the English stage, and added not a little to our respect and affection for its author.

## THE REGENERATION OF PALESTINE

*Zionist Work in Palestine by Various Authorities.* Edited by ISRAEL COHEN. With a Foreword by DAVID WOLFFSOHN. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)

THE man in the street has but a dim and inchoate idea of the real meaning and object of the Zionist Movement. Occasionally at intervals of months he sees some reference to it in his daily paper, but the bare item of news which he thus receives, unrelated to anything else within his cognisance, conveys little if anything to his mind, and as a rule he is so slightly interested as to allow the matter to pass out of his mind by the time that he reaches the next paragraph on the page, and to remain thus dormant until, some months hence, it is revived for a moment by another brief reference in the Press.

The Zionist Movement, as is probably known to every one, relates to the Holy Land, and most civilised people, at any rate in this country, have at least a sentimental or religious interest in the land in which both Christianity and Judaism had their birth. From these, or at any rate from a large proportion of them, the book now before us should have a sincere welcome. It shows how the country, rendered ever famous by the great events which have occurred since the opening of history upon its soil, is at length awakening from the slumber of centuries, and stretching its limbs preparatory to taking its place in the grand march of the countries of civilisation. It shows also the part taken by the Jews, the descendants of the former owners of the land, who have been wandering in exile for two thousand years, in the revival of the country. Above all, it explains what the somewhat mysterious Zionist Movement really is, details its aims and objects, and describes the extent to which advances have been made towards them. The object of the Zionist Movement, as described in this little volume, is, in brief, to secure the settlement of Jews in Palestine with the view, not of the creation of an independent or semi-independent state, but of the securing of a home where they can unmolested live their own life. This haven is, of course, intended principally for the harassed and persecuted Jew of Eastern Europe, where at present he is a pariah and helot whose life is ever at the disposal of his brutal neigh-

bour, and where he suffers under a system of organised persecution on the part of the Government whose duty it is to protect him, cynically admitted to be intended to eradicate the Jewish race from Russian soil. The condition of the Jews in Roumania is only one degree better than that in the neighbouring empire.

The volume under notice takes the form of a symposium to which a number of authorities write on the subjects on which they are recognised as experts. These essays all relate to the very modern Jewish revival in Palestine. The volume is in a sense unique, the only other in the English language approaching it in object and subject being Mr. Davis Trietsch's little book published a few years ago. The latter is, however, more of the nature of a guide-book, whereas that under notice consists of a series of essays treating of different aspects of modern Palestine each complete in itself. The Jewish Population of Palestine is dealt with by Dr. Lazar Grünbut, of Jerusalem; Vegetation in Palestine, by Professor O. Warburg, of Berlin, the recently-elected leader of the Zionist movement. Mr. Israel Abrahams, of Cambridge, writes on a University for Jerusalem; Professor Boritz Schatz on the Bezalel Institute—that wonderful school of arts and crafts which he has himself created at Jerusalem. From Dr. Hans Mühsam readers learn of the Hygienic Institute in Palestine; from Dr. Aaron Sandler, of the Health Conditions of Palestine; from Dr. Jacob Thon, of the Jewish Schools in Palestine, prominent among which is the Evelina Rothschild School at Jerusalem, supported by the Jews of England; and from Mrs. Sarah Thon, of Women's Work in Palestine. Dr. Heinrich Loewe writes on Libraries in Palestine, Mr. Aaron Aaronsohn on the Jewish Agricultural Experiment Station and its programme, Dr. Arthur Rupp on the Return of the Jews to Agriculture, Mr. David Yellin on the Renaissance of the Hebrew Language, and Mr. D. Levontin and Dr. Arthur Rupp on Commercial Topics. Finally, the Jewish future in Palestine is forecasted by Dr. Elias Auerbach, who, in agreement with Dr. O. Thon, another contributor to this volume, foresees that the Turks themselves will soon recognise the absolute necessity of a considerable Jewish immigration. Then "they [the Turks] will have to place a big premium upon Jewish immigration in order to secure an ample supply of the most productive, loyal, and cultured citizens."

The volume is illustrated by several photographs of persons and places, and its value is increased by an appendix in which the prospects of employment are indicated. A list of the Jewish colonies is also furnished, and official Zionism and its institutions are described.

## HISTORY AND INDUSTRY

*Peeps at Nature: British Land Mammals and their Habits.* By A. NICOL SIMPSON, F.Z.S. Illustrated.

*Peeps at Industries: Sugar.* By EDITH A. BROWNE. Illustrated.

*Peeps at History: Scotland.* By G. E. MITTON. Illustrated by J. Jellicoe. (A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d. net each.)

THEIR "Peeps at Many Lands and Cities" having met with well-deserved success, the Messrs. Black have been encouraged to adventure on three other series of "Peeps" produced on the same lines. The "Peeps at Nature," edited by the Rev. Charles A. Hall, so far comprise "Wild Flowers and their Wonderful Ways," "Bird-life of the Seasons," and "British Land Mammals and their Habits," the volume under review. Every lover of Nature will, we feel sure, peruse this little book with interest, and young people,

who have a *penchant* towards the study of natural history, will find it fascinating reading. In addition to descriptions and anecdotes of British mammals as they exist to-day, many which are no longer indigenous to these islands receive a passing notice, as, for instance, the Brown Bear which provided sport for the ancient Romans, the Reindeer which is said to have been at one time more abundant in Great Britain than the Red Deer is at the present time, the Beaver, the Wild Boar, and the Wolf which survived in Scotland until the middle of the eighteenth century.

The "Peeps at Industries," which is a more technical series, aims at bringing the reader into a complete understanding of all the great industries of the British Empire and the world at large. The first volume is devoted to sugar-growing and sugar-making, and deals with both cane and beet sugar, the produce of British Guiana, the homeland of Demerara sugar, receiving special notice. The earlier volumes of the "Peeps at History" are allotted to Scotland, India, Canada, and Japan respectively. So far we have only received the first mentioned, and we cannot say that we are deeply impressed by it. Mr. Mitton tells the story in a simple, artless sort of way to a certain extent, but, presumably for the delectation of the "Unspeakable Scot," he indulges spasmodically in little distortions of facts to the prejudice of the despised Sassenach. This may be pleasing to the young Scottish mind, but it is not the way to teach history, which should be the object, we take it, of this series, and is the more to be regretted because it is so unnecessary and uncalled-for. Describing the dress of a Highland chief, Mr. Mitton says, "Only chiefs may wear the eagle's feather." Surely he must be aware that in these democratic and degenerate days, when sumptuary laws are a thing of the past, any Tom, Dick, or Harry may wear a whole eagle on his head, let alone a feather, if he can afford to do so.

The volumes are admirably illustrated and exceptionally cheap, but we cannot help thinking that it is a great mistake that the page plates have not been placed opposite the pages they illustrate. It is true that in the first two volumes the plates bear a reference to the pages describing them; but why in the name of common sense should the Red Deer plate be allotted to a page devoted to the Badger, and the Squirrel plate to the Red Deer section? In the "Scotland" volume the plates have no page references, so that we have "Queen Mary's Escape from Loch Leven" illustrating Wallace's victory over the English at Stirling, and the "Murder of Archbishop Sharp" the "Massacre of Glencoe," which is, to say the least, wondrous strange.

### THE AUTHOR AT PLAY

*A Farm in Creamland.* By CHARLES GARVICE. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. CHARLES GARVICE has beaten his pen into a ploughshare. The fact, however, need not yet be hailed with joy by the less successful rivals of this very popular novelist. The ploughshare is merely an interlude of some 392 pages. Having delved into the soil and shown us its true ruddy Devon texture, Mr. Garvice will undoubtedly bring his cows and pigs beneath a pleasant fresh crop of fiction and romance. Not that romance is absent from his farm in Creamland. The book, as might be expected, is redolent of the West Country—of its humours, softness, and simple geniality. Here we see the author, freed from the cares of his multitude of heroes and heroines, in his rôle of landowner. We see him mounted and on foot; we see him shooting pheasant, partridge, homely rabbit, and probably an occasional fox. We must admit that this latter deduc-

tion is arrived at by subtle methods. It is based merely on the absence of any direct denial of this feat in the book! Mr. Garvice is to be congratulated in that, an experienced farmer, he has retained his enthusiasm for the art. Concerning the financial success of such an agricultural venture he holds no illusions. Nevertheless, we are glad that he is possessed of his farm, since from that source has sprung this idyllic book of his men, hearts, and acres. We suggest that Mr. Garvice should buy another farm, and write a second book of the kind. Here is a passage that must interest those concerned with the Devon tongue: it occurs at the end of a chapter on rustic wit:—

I have endeavoured to repeat the homely conversation in language as near to that which they used as I can; but it is impossible to reproduce the rich West Country burr, the curious inflection and intonation of the words, and the soft pronunciation which they give to the letter "u." I have seen words in which it occurs spelt in various ways in the attempt to give its sound, but the attempt is never successful. Take the word "due," for instance. They don't pronounce it "doo," and if you spell it "dew" (as I have seen it done) it only brings us back to the same sound; and though misspelt words may look funny on paper, they fail in giving us an accurate reproduction of a conversation. To spell cat with a "k," or me with two "ee's" may be very witty, but it does not alter the pronunciation of the words. The Devonshire people pronounce "u" as do the French, and no amount of misspelling will make it clearer.

These words might be noted with considerable advantage by those others who write of the West Country—not necessarily from within!

### SHORTER REVIEWS

*Madge Carrington and her Welsh Neighbours.* By "DRAIG GLAS." (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

IN this story of light and pleasantly-told incidents "Draig Glas" follows up, in a rather more serious vein, the attack on the Welsh country folk which he made in "The Perfidious Welshman." The long succession of annoyances, proceeding from mere ungratefulness to poaching, theft of garden-produce, and heather burning, which Squire Carrington's tenants and village folk inflicted on their most exemplary landlord, make the landmarks in the book. "Draig Glas" has the skill to make us feel indignant enough to rejoice when Mr. Carrington becomes weary of it at last, and turns his estate over to an agent, going away himself meanwhile. There are several neat characters in the book, including a most irritating Rector called Palestine-Davies, and Madge, the squire's daughter, is charming. Her love affair with one Alec Murray provides a variation in interest. We are inclined to think that the natural scenery is too much insisted upon, as practically every chapter begins with a couple of pages about the weather and the state of the vegetation. The best parts of the book are its conversations. We know not if the author is right in his strictures on the Welsh, but he certainly states his case entertainingly.

*Mechanical Inventions of To-day.* By THOMAS W. CORBIN. (Seeley, Service, and Co., Ltd. 5s. net.)

THE progress of applied science has brought into common use, especially in our large cities, many intricate mechanical devices for the safety, convenience, and enjoyment of mankind—devices of which the average man is completely ignorant, although he sees their effects and profits by them every day of his life. Take the case of a person making a short journey by the District Railway. On an illuminated



screen the destination of his train appears as by magic; red lights change to green, green to red, without any visible human intervention; a dozen automatic appliances and clever instruments combine to ensure his arrival at his destination. How all this is accomplished Mr. Corbin lucidly explains in his book, with the aid of simplified diagrams and plentiful pictures; in fact the chapter entitled "Inventions on the Railway" is one of the most interesting imaginable. The colliery, the cotton-mill, the modern boiler and its adjuncts are all thoroughly treated; electric machinery, gas and steam and heat engines occupy many pages. Not often is the author to be caught tripping, but we notice one careless sentence: "There are several ways of burning oil in a boiler"—the meaning, of course, is obvious as referring to the oil-fuel of the furnace.

A valuable portion of the volume for those who do not profess a deep knowledge of engineering is that dealing with the turbine, and we have rarely read a more capable explanation of the action of steam in this essentially modern development of the steam-engine. Altogether, Mr. Corbin is to be congratulated on his book; in knowledge and in clearness of exposition it is far better than most works of a similar character and aim.

*Caractères.* By JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE.

*Miss Rovel.* By VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

*La Chanoinesse.* By ANDRÉ THEURIET. (T. Nelson and Sons, 1s. net each.)

RECENT additions to the excellent "Collection Nelson," consisting chiefly of masterpieces of French literature, are the volumes under notice, which show no falling-off both as regards quality and production, and compare favourably with their predecessors in the same series. La Bruyère was a most effective satirist who thought less of the taste of his age than of the judgment of posterity, and his "Caractères" contain not only shrewd attacks on dead celebrities, but also biting allusions to contemporary authors, which was somewhat audacious in the days of "Le Roi Soleil," when *lettres de cachet* could be had almost for the asking. Victor Cherbuliez was a cultivated man of the world who wrote both novels and political articles. "Miss Rovel," though not the most popular of his works, is nevertheless thoroughly typical of his qualities as a writer of fiction, and in it he very successfully depicts the English tomboy as she has been painted for us by the Misses Braddon and Rhoda Broughton. Theuriet's "La Chanoinesse" is an exciting story of the Great French Revolution, and is alive with historical truth.

*The Regent's Park and Primrose Hill: History and Antiquities.*  
With Maps and Illustrations. By A. D. WEBSTER.  
(Greening and Co. 5s. net.)

PROBABLY not many of the thousands who visit the Zoological Gardens every year give a thought to the interesting history of the place and its surroundings. "Marylebone Park," the original name of Regent's Park, dates from the time of Henry VIII., and was much frequented by Royalty as a hunting-ground down to the days of Cromwell. Many curious and rare old pictures are reproduced in this handy little volume; Marylebone Church, for instance, is shown in the sixteenth century as a small edifice quite in the country—three miles, in fact, from the London of the period. Mr. Webster does not confine himself within narrow limits; he treats of the Regent's Canal, the Botanical Gardens, the "Zoo," and even the fungi of the district; the whole book is packed with information, and is a most valuable summary of both ancient and modern items of interest.

## FICTION

*Burning Daylight.* By JACK LONDON. (William Heinemann. 6s.)

MR. JACK LONDON'S new novel, "Burning Daylight," is probably the best he has written. The first part of the story rings with the call to the wilds; the vigour and love of adventure of the pioneer are here, and Elam Harnish ("Burning Daylight") is the typical athletic and square-dealing man of the world that Mr. London likes so well. Nevertheless, while there is no lack of sincerity, yet that absence of sense of proportion and idea of perspective which characterises all American writing cannot pass unnoticed. Mr. London either does not possess the artistic ability to portray the changing moods with variation of surroundings, or, on the other hand, the artistic ability is swamped and stultified by unconscious exaggeration. "Daylight" appears to us as three distinct characters: first he is the hero of the Yukon; then we see him as the millionaire, relentless and grasping, in San Francisco; and, lastly, as the penniless lover and husband on the Californian ranch. There is no shading off from one phase to another: the millionaire does not feel like a captive bird in his office; there is no gasping after God's free air. One almost feels that art has been sacrificed in order that a happy ending may be successfully engineered. The only trait in Harnish which appears throughout is the desire to outdo every one, to be super-everything. Nobody can walk like Harnish; the stamina of the Indian race is as nought; he trails seventy miles in one day, dances all night, and is on his journey over the frosty, snow-covered tracks the next morning. He out-drinks his companions, lifts greater weights, is the biggest gambler, he fears but one influence—women. His luck is surprising: by hard work and fearless speculation he amasses a fortune of eleven million dollars in the gold boom. With this he leaves the wilds, practically without a regret, and settles down to gamble in California. Here arises the love-interest about which Mr. London appears to be as doubtful as does Daylight himself. One day his stenographer accidentally draws attention to a mistake in grammar, and this is the beginning. Miracles still happen—and Mr. London seems to believe in them. As a description of life and adventure in the snow and ice, and as a convincing criticism of American finance, the book has undoubted value. The literary skill, the intellectual conviction, the breadth of vision are here; but why does not Mr. London break away from American orthodoxy?

*Dorinda's Birthday.* By CHARLES LEE. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who are acquainted with Mr. Lee's charming Cornish stories will be pleased to learn that "Dorinda's Birthday" in every way equals, if not surpasses, his previous descriptions of life in the Duchy he knows so well. The plot is slight, the story short, but still the spell of it all is irresistible. St. Hender's Feast Day, with the foregathering of the villagers at the annual revels, is all the material that our author takes from which to weave his tale, but every character is so well drawn that it is impossible not to see and know each one. We can hear Mrs. Barton, a withered dame of sixty with eleven—and increasing—symptoms call after the merrymakers as they leave Sunny Corner. We can see Mrs. Varco, who was "large," enjoying a chat with Mrs. Pedrick as she relates how on her visit to the sights of London she "stuck in the turnstile every time and no getting . . . for'ard or

back'ard." The dear old lady, too, is there as she tries to read the paper "every week reg'lar," but, owing to failing eyesight and a poor education, drops six months behind, although as she says—

This old news I do find en more comfortable, like, than if 'a was raw-new . . . seeing 'tis all over and done with months ago—tears dried, proper new headstones put up 'pon the graves, wounds stitched up, handsome wooden legs provided for them that do require them—why, it do just touch the heart softly.

But perhaps the best sketched of them all is "boy Albert," a "short, scrubby, middle-aged man"—"put in with the dough and took out with the cakes"—as one of his successful rivals unkindly describes him. Albert is always missing his chances with members of the fair sex in spite of very great attention to the details of his toilet. This is Albert as he returns dejected and rejected to his mother's house on the afternoon of the Feast Day:—

A blue peaked cap was superimposed on a black tail-coat and fancy waistcoat, and those again on tight white flannel trousers and white canvas shoes; so that, looking him over from head to foot, you began your acquaintance with the mate of a coasting vessel, went on to a small country tradesman at a tea-party, and finished up with a cricketer arrayed for the field.

There is a fount of humour throughout the story which is always fresh, and provokes many a quiet chuckle as it ripples in and out the pages. We were very sorry when the time came to lay the book down.

*The Price of Empire.* By E. HOBART-HAMPDEN. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

Its directness and conscientiousness of narration were the chief virtues of the novelist, then this novel would be a masterpiece. There is little to weary the imagination of the reader; every detail is carefully explained; curiosity is aroused only to discover whether the plot will follow the path we expect—and we are rarely disappointed. The author quickly exposes the cards he intends to play, and the slightest consideration shows that there will be little chance of an exciting finish. Lilian Sylvester, returning to India from England, is waiting to go ashore at Bombay, and to her are brought her letters by the young friend of the voyage, Allan Tremaine, who "was pleasant to look upon, not very tall, but well made, with grey eyes, set wide apart, and smooth fair hair." Lilian's brother writes of sedition in his district, and of the appointment of a Bengali of supposed anarchist leanings as Assistant Commissioner, while Allan, the young Civil Servant, has news that he has been appointed to the same station as the Sylvesters. In the streets of Bombay the carriage conveying Lilian and Allan is brought to rest adjacent to a native dressed in European clothes who had been, of course, a friend of Allan at Oxford, and whose brother is, of course, the new Assistant Commissioner. Truly may Allan remark: "What a curious coincidence!" It should be unnecessary to say that the Bengalis have a pretty, scheming sister—and that the novel tells of sedition, conspiracy, treachery, and self-sacrifice.

*Can Man Put Asunder?* By LADY NAPIER OF MAGDALA. (John Murray. 6s.)

WE have here a novel of society in which the bad characters are monotonously vicious and the good characters are as dull as Mid-Victorian Sunday afternoons. Gee Gee, *alias* George

Gascoigne, the wicked hero, has thirty thousand a year and is what one might call a cad. He marries Shona Barcaldine, the heroine, and treats her very badly, finally going off in his yacht with Lady Cyril Gorhamberry, a lady who uses too much scent and has other faults. We are also introduced to a scheming sister, a youthful prodigy, a kind-hearted duchess, and an exceedingly stupid artist. We attend several balls, have tea several times in luxurious style, and hear some of the fascinating conversation of country houses. If after such treatment we are not satisfied and grateful, it must be because we are afflicted with a small amount of literary taste and do not greatly care for high society in the manner of the *Family Herald*. The only sentiment, besides perfect boredom, which this book arouses in us is one of polite wonder at the limitless charity of the modern reader and the modern publisher, which puts the pen of the novelist into the hands of so many people completely devoid of any power to use it.

## THE THEATRE

### WASHINGTON IRVING AND VARIATIONS

WITH an orchestra playing special music in a sort of wood-clearing and upon a stage outlined with the trunks of specially massive trees, Mr. Cyril Maude has recently produced a special version of that irresistible old story with which "rare" Joe Jefferson was well content. There is, indeed, something too special about all this. Just as good wine needs no bush, Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" needed no variation, no special treatment. It is a classic, and if a revival seems desirable, it should be treated as such. What, we wonder, would have been rare Joe Jefferson's feelings could he have returned to spend an evening at the Playhouse? Surely his opinion of modern theatre management would be worth hearing when he found that Mr. Maude was afraid to trust to the old direct story and so called in the aid of an adapter, of scene painters, of a composer of incidental music, and of Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant?

Apart from what is, in our opinion, a piece of special impertinence to the work of Washington Irving there is very much in this "entirely new version" of "Rip Van Winkle" that is very charming. From the point of view of scenic production it is very beautiful and imaginative, and the pictures of all the curious and Sime-like nightmares that run through the schnapps-soddened brain of the new Rip are quaint, alluring, impressive, and creepy. They are, perhaps, too creepy for the ordinary playgoer, who desires above all things to be made to laugh. We had no wish to find ourselves alone on some blasted heath in the dead of a moonlight night, while the recollection was upon us of the gnome-ridden place echoing with the wailing of lost souls in which Rip found himself. If the play had been put on by a Society for the Abolition of Strong Drink it could not have taught a better lesson. Never will we drink schnapps again. Once having seen that eerie spot in the Kaatskills, which was alive with hideously grinning dwarfs, who were under the control of a green-faced fiend armed with a lash, we shall give schnapps a wide berth. We are quite certain that if an unwary parent took a high-strung child to see the play he would regret having done so, not once but many times.

Mr. Austin Strong's entirely new Rip is an unmarried man. He is also an attractive, lovable, wheedling rogue, who is no one's enemy. He has been in prison for vagrancy, or some such offence, and comes back to the village with his pockets full of presents. Dominie van Schaiek has warned



the villagers against the drunken ne'er-do-weel, but he soon has them all round him listening to his infectious laugh. Then the beautiful Minna Van de Grift comes out of her cottage, and we are somewhat surprised to find that she is in love with Rip. We find also that she is the daughter of the Van de Grift who disappeared years ago when thunder reverberated among the mountains, and is on the charge of the village. She hopes that Rip will now turn over a new leaf, one more final new leaf. He swears that he will, but Minna, who knows his character only too well, cannot rely upon him. She loves him, and is ready to marry and go into the mountains with him, but not until he has polished an old copper pan so that she may be able to see her face in it—a task which seems to Rip to be easy enough. Left alone he sits down and sets to work babbling of green fields, when out of a water-barrel creeps a nasty little green dwarf—the very materialisation of concentrated schnapps. With many signs and moustache-pulling this creature gives Rip to understand that he will undertake to clean the pan. Seeing his way to escape what appears to him to be entirely unnecessary labour, Rip gives up the pan, only to find that the dwarf has made it blacker than ever by setting some mysterious fluid alight in it. So he sits down again to be almost instantly torn away from his test task by his five senses. These dance round him in the form of very alluring and transparent maidens, who are experts in the art of dancing as it is expressed by the Prime Absolute of the Russian ballet. They lead him gradually to a bottle of schnapps, and compel him to drain it to the dregs, and it is upon a very drunken Rip with a still unpolished pan that Minna broken-heartedly comes. He has failed terribly. She does not realise this more acutely than he himself does. And when he has received his marching orders and pulls himself together to go out of the village to his beloved woods, the dwarf appears again with a small keg of his delicious poison, which he begs Rip to carry for him.

From this moment until the scenes fifty years later the play develops into a series of Sime-like nightmares. Woods ring with strange, inhuman cries, ill-shaped gnomes with fungi growing on their ears and noses, and hands whose fingers are bulbous and distorted, bob up from behind grotesque rocks. The very moon, new-born and slim, seems to be set in a sky alive with ugly shapes, and shines down upon a hill set among forbidding, whispering mountains. Rip finds his own body lying in a drunken sleep beneath a tree whose branches have twisted themselves into grimaces. He stumbles upon a glorious keg of schnapps, which is like nothing so much as liquid moonbeams. At the wedding invitation of countless whimsical creatures he drinks and is possessed. Out from behind a rock comes a wailing creature, who pours forth a stream of incoherent pleadings. It is Minna's father, Van de Grift, who has been held a prisoner by this army of corpulent abortions. He implores the terrified Rip to utter a wish ("Wish, wish," go the gnomes from crannies and grottoes and peaks), so that his soul and body may be set free. Whereupon the frightened ne'er-do-weel, thinking more of the girl he loves than his comfort and peace of mind, offers himself up to the chief abortion, and Van de Grift flashes back into his own shape and rushes away.

Fifty years later, on a sunny day in autumn, several soldiers who have taken part in the war of 1812 are staggering back to their homes. They rest for a moment or two on the roots of a massive tree, which has shed its leaves in a great golden pile. They are sick of war and wounds, and long for home and peace. On they go, and when their footsteps have died away something stirs beneath the leaves, and there comes a faint sound, as of a man stretching himself after a long sleep. By twos and threes the leaves fall away. A foot appears, a ragged arm, a head covered with

long white hair and cobwebs—it is Rip Van Winkle, who thinks that he has been sleeping since yesterday, the merry, irresponsible, light-hearted ne'er-do-weel, over whose sleeping head fifty autumns have passed, and upon whose ageing body fifty great golden piles have fallen. There is a squirrel fast asleep in his pocket, and at his elbow the copper pan, as old and battered as himself. Ah! now he will clean it and take it down to Minna in the village, so that she may see her face in it.

But when at last he totters down the snow is on the ground and on the roofs of innumerable houses that seem to him to have grown up in the night, and upon a number of strange factory chimneys which appear to have trodden down the trees. There is the old stream, however, and the inevitable fisherman and the little bridge, and there are many people with new faces and new voices and unrecognising eyes. No one knows this strange old man who cries out for his friends and Minna, and mentions names that belong to a time that no one can remember. "Where are my friends and my good dog Schnider . . . ?" The poor old man must be wandering in his mind. Men speak roughly to him, women draw away as he passes, and children titter. Dominie John Hutchinson, a good American citizen, does his best to find some sense in his childish babble. It is no good. He shall remain, however, and be made comfortable, and given fire and food. And it is upon an aged, bent, ragged, and weeping Rip that the white-haired Minna finally comes. "Rip! . . . Minna!" A gleaming pan is laid at her feet clean enough to make a looking-glass for a faithful face.

Whatever, then, we may think of the sacrilege that has been done to Washington Irving's story, we repeat that there is much that is beautiful and moving in this new version, and few things more beautiful and more moving than the meeting of Rip and Minna. This scene was played with the greatest economy of action by Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Maude, and would draw tears from a sphinx. Indeed, every scene in which Mrs. Maude took part was played perfectly, and if Mr. Maude was not quite all that we imagined Rip to be, he was not far short of it. His old, broken, wistful Rip was quite exquisitely conceived and brought to life. Miss Margery Maude as the young Minna was Miss Winifred Emery when young—and it is not possible to pay her a higher compliment for beauty and ability. Among a long cast the names of Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. John Harwood, Mr. Shiel Barry, Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Daniel McCarthy (in two parts) must be picked out for congratulation. The incidental music by Mr. John Ansell was good, although a little uninspired. As to Mr. Austin Strong, who made this entirely new version of "Rip Van Winkle"—well, if he felt impelled to make an entirely new version he has certainly done so, admirably well.

## A BRITISH OUTPOST IN CHINA

I WAS going to visit "the new territories"—the three hundred square miles of the mainland leased by the British Government in 1898.

A rickshaw with three runners was waiting for me at Kowloon when I stepped off the ferry steamer that had brought me from Blake Pier, on the island of Hong Kong. The inevitable roast pig glowed on the stall of a street vendor with a richness that brought to mind Giorgione's "Concert" and Pater's thread of gold.

Some fresh land was being reclaimed from the sea here by dumping truckloads of sand into the hollows at a place used hitherto as a typhoon refuge. Behind and across the harbour the peak loomed dark purple, but the valleys I was

soon crossing were covered with green paddy-fields and vegetable gardens, while here and there a patch of hillside was devoted to the dead and set about with urns of human bones.

Gradually the well-metalled road ascended and the hill-sides began to be covered with young fir-growth. Sometimes it crossed deep clefts, down which lay black smooth boulders detached from the rock above. At Lok-lo-ha (ten miles from Kowloon), beyond the great railway tunnel, over a mile in length, which has been constructed for the lines between Kowloon and Canton, I left the rickshaw to continue my journey in a police-launch to Taipo. Clumps of graceful feathery bamboo varied the monotony of paddy-fields, and little villages appeared along the curving coast, one of which was entirely shut in by a stone wall and eight small towers.

Far out in the bay the police-launch appeared puffing towards the sandy beach, and when it arrived, left immediately for Taipo, which is really the name of a district in the middle of which is Taipo-Hou, meaning Taipo market. Out through a gap lay Mir's Bay, and beyond that Chinese territory; in the opposite direction rose the Pat Sin Ling, the range of the Eight Spirits, sharply cut and clefted.

The local magistrate gave me hearty welcome. He lived happily with several colour-prints by Utamaro, a complete edition of Renan's works, in many volumes, and a dog of extreme wisdom but doubtful origin which had been described by experts as "not too big and white." The white dog's master had had a curious case before him that morning. An old Chinaman had been up to explain that one of his sons had had serious bleeding at the nose. They had consulted the Chinese doctor, and upon examining the case he had decided the reason was that another grave had been made twenty feet from the grave of the man's father. This, the doctor had declared, had intercepted the pulse of the dragon, and unless the second grave were removed the nose-bleeding would continue till the boy died.

"Fungshe," or the great Science of Aspects, is a difficult matter to understand, but I was assured that a study of the great theologian's "Philosophic Dialogues" is no bad help in the solution of the daily problems of an English magistrate in China.

We walked through several villages that afternoon, including Pan Chung and Tai-wo-shi, where a waterwheel was causing a series of hammers to pound up the wood of which the joss-stick powder is made.

Several times we crossed a pretty tumbling stream by precarious stepping-stones, a stream with trees leaning over it, that reminded me of the Glaslynn in North Wales, and at Wun Yiu village watched a potter at work painting a row of little jars before glazing them.

The magistrate gave good account of the village people, declaring them quiet, well-behaved folk, rarely troubling the Indian police quartered at Taipo, though the latter are not always at peace among themselves.

A sergeant had recently preferred a charge against a constable of stealing the oil (nut oil) from his lantern to put in his curry. At the same time the constable preferred a charge against the sergeant of stealing a chicken while they were out on patrol together. The cockerel was produced in court, and the constable said he remonstrated when the sergeant stole the fowl, and that the sergeant replied to him: "Is it for you to say to me, a sergeant, what I should do?"

But all this had occurred a month previously, and when asked why he had not brought the charge before, the constable was ready with his answer. He said that every morning all the month he had asked the sergeant for leave to go in and report him and make the charge, and always the sergeant had replied: "No, I will not give you leave to go and report me." Of the oil-stealing there was no evi-

dence but that of the sergeant himself. He declared that he saw the constable go to the back room, and, opening the bullseye lantern, empty the oil into his plate of curry. Now, the evidence appearing insufficient, the case was about to be dismissed when the sergeant said he had something to ask, and it was that he might have permission to go to Hong Kong and employ a solicitor.

"Very well," said the magistrate, "one hundred dollars down for your bail." The man put this down then and there in notes from his pocket. At Hong Kong he paid fifty dollars to a solicitor who came out and lunched with the magistrate. At lunch the magistrate said, talking of the case, "I was going to dismiss it for want of evidence, but the man wanted to employ a solicitor, so I thought that would be the most satisfactory way of fining him."

"Yes; but my dear fellow," said the solicitor, "I've taken his money and I must make a show for it—may I talk?"

In the afternoon the case was tried. That solicitor made a long, fervid, and impassioned speech, and the case was dismissed; the magistrate knew all along that it was a long-standing feud between the sergeant and the constable, and one day that sergeant found himself transferred to another place.

The next morning it was very beautiful at Taipo as I waited for the launch to come for me. A big square fishing-net hung in the air, with its vent open above the blue water. At the end of the wooden pier a little square lantern swung in the breeze, the sun glinting brightly upon it. A pale moon hung in the Western sky, and in the East, beneath the sun, was the wonderful curve of the Saddle-back mountain—just a shadow of colour—purple blue and grey. And to the north of the space of open water was the long line of the mountain of the Eight Spirits, soft and warm and riven by clefts, full of violet shadows leading to the sea. And on the right all along the turnings of the shore at the base of the hills appeared the buttressed and embanked line of the new railway that shall change China more swiftly than Labour Members can scratch the face of an empire.

A. HUGH FISHER.

## THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE\*

MR. HARRIS' first book, "The Man Shakespeare," made nonsense of nearly all the books that have been written on Shakespeare and his plays. Even the gasping professors did not challenge Mr. Harris' knowledge, and he painted his portrait of the dramatist with a certainty of touch and a passionate sincerity more convincing than any arguments. Here at length was a Shakespeare who might have written Shakespeare's plays, and that was already more than could be said of the remarkable monster created by the critics in two hundred years of labour. The conventional picture of the British tradesman-dramatist who drew the supremest eloquence of passion from the shallows of a dispassionate soul could be at length relegated to the shelves of that literary chamber of horrors where the work of all the writers who have laboured without love shall meet at last. Mr. Harris' conception of Shakespeare the man delivered us not only from those cruel libels on our great poet, but from a deal of bad criticism of the plays as well. The commentators and emendators had bored us with their futilities till we began to associate Shakespeare with a condition of spiritual weariness. English scholars seemed to have determined to confine themselves to "textual criticism," when Mr. Harris, following or rather super-

\* *The Women of Shakespeare.* By Frank Harris. (Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d.)



seeding Coleridge, showed that the only way to reach fine textual criticism was to consider the plays as works of art, and not as strings of broken, insentient words.

"The Man Shakespeare" gave us a wonderful portrait of Shakespeare, an elaborate and convincing theory as to the subjective nature of his work, and incidentally some convincing criticism of the various plays; but naturally the book was in the main devoted to the portrayal of the dramatist, and the criticism of the plays was directed to that end: much, therefore, had to remain unsaid, not because it was not worth saying, but because the author was bound by his plan to consider chiefly those characters in which Shakespeare draws his own portrait.

In his new book Mr. Harris allows himself a wider range, and we certainly profit by his greater freedom. He has traced for us the likenesses not only of that "dark lady" of the Sonnets whose wanton love made Shakespeare a great tragic poet, but also of Shakespeare's mother, of his wife, and of his favourite daughter, Judith. In addition, the author renews and strengthens his arguments in favour of the relative innocence of the Sonnets, and, even more important, traces Shakespeare's hand in many passages that have not previously been ascribed to him. Here, surely, is debatable matter enough for one volume.

In this book Mr. Harris has drawn the likeness of the dark lady, Mary Fitton, with full detail, showing how Shakespeare gives us "a realistic snapshot of her in Rosaline in 'Romeo and Juliet,' a superb photograph of her as Rosaline again in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' idealistic, happy impressions of her in Julia, Juliet, Portia, Beatrice, and Rosalind; passionate full-length portraits of her in the Sonnets and as 'false Cressid,' and finally a triumphant living, breathing picture of her in 'Cleopatra'—a world's masterpiece. Lady Macbeth is a mere sketch of her imperious strength and selfwill; Goneril, a slight copy of Lady Macbeth, with lust emphasised." Volumnia in "Coriolanus" is a portrait of Shakespeare's mother; Marina, Perdita, and Miranda are idealised sketches of his younger daughter, Judith. (Arthur in "King John," as Mr. Harris showed in his previous book, is probably a portrait of Shakespeare's son Hamnet, or at least a picture inspired by him.)

As for Mistress Anne Hathaway, the wife whom Shakespeare married against his will and virtually deserted while he achieved his fame in London, the wife for whom he was unwilling to pay a debt of forty shillings, the wife to whom he bequeathed his "second-best bed," Mr. Harris finds "an extraordinary spirit-photograph of her, so to speak, as Adriana in 'The Comedy of Errors,' her furious temper forces itself to view again where ill-temper is utterly out of place in the raging, raving Constance of 'King John,' and again in Katharina in 'The Taming of the Shrew.'" With such a companion—and possibly the elder daughter took her mother's part—Shakespeare's last years at Stratford can hardly have been so peaceful as sentimental critics have tried to make us believe.

The methods by which the author arrives at these conclusions will be familiar to those who have read "The Man Shakespeare," or the brilliant series of articles in "The English Review," now expanded to form this book. But there is a sense of freer judgment, the author's confidence has stronger wings in the new book than it had in the old. There it was necessary to argue and prove every inch of the way; it was road-maker's work, as the Germans call it. Now Mr. Harris evidently feels that the greater part of his audience is convinced of the general truth of his reading of Shakespeare's poems and plays. We should say that, outside the remote intellectual fastnesses of the academic professors, this startling theory of Shakespeare's personality and love-story has met with very little opposition, while Mr.

Harris deals robustly enough with the extraordinarily insignificant attacks that his book drew from the pedants.

The new book is more interesting than the previous one; for Shakespeare's love-story is here narrated fully, followed indeed with extraordinary delicacy and sympathy into the remotest folds and fibres of personality, so that we know not only Shakespeare and Mary Fitton and Lord William Herbert, but their mutual relations and their reactions so to speak each on the other.

A new and most interesting identification is that of Herbert with Bertram in "All's Well that Ends Well." We cannot follow here the close reasoning by which Mr. Harris proves the relationship between Shakespeare's "faithless friend and rival" and the worthless object of Helena's affections, but the fact is important as throwing light on the difficult question of the Sonnets. It may be said at once that the difficulty would be less if Englishmen were less mealy-mouthed. It has always been easier for writers to hint at Shakespeare's guilt than for Shakespeare's true lovers to prove his innocence. For our part we accept Mr. Harris' theory that Shakespeare addressed his Sonnets to the high-born young man because Lord William Herbert was a great and influential nobleman. It is infinitely easier to believe that Shakespeare was snobbish than to accept the hideous alternative.

Not the least astonishing section of "The Women of Shakespeare" is that in which the author forsakes what we may call his biographical explanations, to comment on the ascription by scholars of certain portions of the plays undeniably written by Shakespeare to other hands. Who would venture to say that any of the following lines could have been written by any one but Shakespeare?—

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,  
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent.

—"1 Henry VI." II. v.

See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!

—"Pericles" I. i.

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do.

—"Henry VIII." III. ii.

. . . all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever:  
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles.

—"Henry VIII."

Yet these are passages that not one of the professors, but all the professors, and all the poets, in fine all our modern authorities have denied to Shakespeare. Mr. Harris is justified in saying that the "critics are unanimous in rejecting not Shakespeare's vulgarities and inanities, but the gems of his thought," the most fragrant blossoms of his poetry. If Mr. Frank Harris had done nothing else but restore these jewels and dozens of others just as priceless to their lawful begetter, we should still have sufficient reason to be grateful to him. How can any one write the truth about Shakespeare who cannot hear his voice? Mr. Harris, it may be noted, recognises the hand of the master dramatist on nearly every page of "Pericles"; he restores to the master the whole of "Timon," nearly all the "First Part of Henry VI." and much of "Henry VIII." It is to be hoped that he will take up the question of the

doubtful plays at some future date. Why does not some publisher issue a complete Shakespeare, edited and annotated by Mr. Frank Harris? The Shakespearean Memorial Committee might do worse than take this work in hand for Shakespeare's tercentenary.

We are whole-hearted believers in Frank Harris' conception of Shakespeare the man, and we think that the foundations of our belief are solid. In the first place, any one that is at pains to master his method and his principal arguments will find the plays so many eloquent witnesses on behalf of his theory. He has given us a human Shakespeare, and we know that our dramatist must have been intensely human. He shows him at grips with a mastering and enduring passion, and we know that such passion alone can make a man creative.

The really notable feature of Frank Harris' discovery is its simplicity. He did not search the thickets of Stratford-on-Avon or burrow among the parchments at the Record Office for news of the poet, but he looked for him and found him in the plays themselves. After all, it seems, Shakespeare did not wholly fail in the supreme art of self-expression. Mr. Harris read Shakespeare as no one ever read him before—with passionate devotion seeking for the man himself, without reference to traditional prejudices or conventions, and the result was "The Man Shakespeare." He reads him again and gives us "The Women of Shakespeare," a book no less fascinating and instructive in the best sense of the word. There should be other books.

It will be some time before the general mind discovers that criticism that is not imaginative impoverishes rather than enriches the spirit; and therefore we fear that years must pass before Frank Harris' Shakespeare, or a version of it, will be taught in schools in place of the tepid falsehoods of Dry-as-Dust. Nevertheless Mr. Harris has the consolation of knowing that his seed has not fallen on stony ground. Every book on Shakespeare henceforward will certainly derive from his, though it appears that their authors will not always give him his due of acknowledgment. We are sure that he does not need it. "Criticism," he writes, "is an act of worship, a dedication of the spirit in love, and an interpretation of the divine, the result of intimate communion of soul. As such an interpretation I put forth 'The Women of Shakespeare.'" Can I say more than that these words seem peculiarly applicable to this book?

R. M.

## SOME OLD THEATRES OF PARIS

### THE PORTE ST. MARTIN: I.

It is a curious history, that of the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, for it has taken a most active part in the forming of the French stage. Since its foundation in 1764 all the most varied and dramatic styles have been rendered in this vast theatre, which offers the possibility of creating colossal scenic effects by some of the greatest artists. The Porte St. Martin thus ranks in importance immediately after the *théâtres subventionnés*, and we will endeavour to give a brief but comprehensive *résumé* of its history.

In order to do so satisfactorily let us glance through the records of the Opéra since the Porte St. Martin was built in view of becoming the French Opera-house. It is rather amusing to trace the vicissitudes which caused the "Académie Royale de Musique" to select residence on the Boulevards. Ever since the foundation of the Opéra in France by Pierre Perrin (who, though but a poor poet, possessed much initiative) and Robert Cambert (a musician of undeniable talent, to whom is due the first real French opera, "Pomone"), the new style of performance

had met with great favour, both with the Court and the public in general. When several years later Lulli obtained from Louis XIV. the privilege of creating a Royal School of Music, the Opéra was appreciated more and more. For Lulli, being a man of great intelligence, besides an indisputable genius in his own especial art, engaged the greatest singers of the time. Soon courtiers and townsmen knew no greater pleasure than that of spending their leisure moments at the Opéra, in spite of all the biting criticisms which were lavished upon it by some of the leading spirits of the time, such as La Bruyère and La Fontaine. It is worth noting that amongst the *cantatrices* most appreciated by the public figured Mademoiselle de Maupin, the bewildering and alarming heroine of Théophile Gautier's immortal work.

After Lulli's death the Opéra continued to enjoy the same vogue under the direction of Rameau and Glück. But twice already disastrous fires had destroyed it; it had been forced to seek new homes, and in 1763 the building in the Palais-Royal, which it had occupied since 1673, was in its turn burnt. The Opéra was obliged, for the time being, to settle itself in the Théâtre du Château des Tuileries while a house was being erected for it on the Boulevard St. Martin. In less than three months the architect, Lenoir, achieved the extraordinary feat of creating a new temple for the followers of Euterpe and Melpomene. This building was intended to be only temporary, but after the Opéra had deserted it to seek a more congenial neighbourhood, it continued to exist for ninety years, and would, no doubt, be still standing if the Commune had not destroyed it in 1871.

When the Opéra abandoned the theatre in 1794 it remained closed until 1802, when it reopened under the name of the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin. Five years later the famous decree issued by Napoleon, limiting the number of Parisian playhouses, obliged it to close its doors again. Until 1808 the only theatres of the city duly authorised were the Français, the Feydeau (with the Italiens as annex), the Odéon, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, and the Ambigu. But the Porte St. Martin soon received permission to reopen with its name changed to that of "Les Jeux Gymniques." Its spectacles consisted chiefly of pantomimes and ballets; it soon reverted, however, to its former style of plays—vaudevilles and melodramas—and it resumed definitely the title of the Porte St. Martin. It became famous for the luxury of its staging, whilst the plays given there, by glorifying episodes of the Imperial triumph, attracted all the theatre-lovers of the capital.

A few years later this playhouse became a regular battlefield on which were engaged some of the most ardent contestants in favour of romanticism. Victor Hugo, Dumas, and Casimir Delavigne acted as commanders-in-chief in this war of ideas, and were valiantly supported by such artists as Frederick Lemaitre, Bocage, and Madame Dorval.

Since the beginning of the century a desire to be liberated from the ancient traditions had animated all branches of thought and literature—a desire very closely associated with the then dominant idea of political Liberalism. But this new aspiration met with a desperate resistance when it tried to influence the drama. And had it not been for the onslaught of many strong wills, all united in the one purpose of bringing about a proscription of the hackneyed conventionalism which then reigned triumphant on the French stage, classical tragedy, "that Bastille of Ancient Art," would perhaps still remain standing, impassive and victorious. The innovators, or *romantiques*, met with violent opposition by the partisans of the ancient formula—the *classiques*—and it is interesting to note that it was a series of Shakespearean representations given at the Porte St. Martin by an English troupe which was the determining cause of the conflict.

For many years the Porte St. Martin was devoted to the



staunch defence of romanticism. In 1831 Alexandre Dumas triumphed there with "Antony," having as principal interpreters Madame Dorval and Bocage. On seeing the fine creations these great artists made of his leading characters, Dumas was overjoyed that he had withdrawn his play from the Comédie Française, where Mademoiselle Mars and Firmin had been studying their respective rôles with evident bad grace and indolence.

Bocage was indeed a wonderful artist, and no greater praise could be bestowed upon him than the following appreciation in Heine's "Lettres sur la France :"—

Bocage est un bel homme distingué, dont les manières et les mouvements sont nobles. Sa voix métallique, riche en inflexions, se prête aussi bien aux éclats les plus tonnans du courroux, qu'à la tendresse la plus caressante des murmures amoureux. Bocage n'est pas autrement organisé que le reste des hommes; il se distingue seulement d'eux par une plus grande finesse d'organisation. Ce n'est point un produit bâtarde d'Ariel et de Caliban, mais un être harmonique, figure élevée et belle comme Phoebus Apollon. Son œil a moins de valeur, mais il peut produire des effets immenses avec un mouvement de tête, surtout quand il la rejette dédaigneusement en arrière; il a de froids soupirs ironiques qui vous passent dans l'âme comme une scie d'acier. Il a des larmes dans la voix, et des accents de douleur tellement profonds qu'on croirait qu'il saigne intimement. S'il se couvre les yeux avec les mains, on croirait entendre la Mort dire: "Que la nuit soit!" Puis quand il sourit, c'est comme si le soleil se levait sur ses lèvres.

It is therefore hardly to be wondered at that with such a protagonist Dumas' "Antony" scored its colossal success—much to the surprise of the director of the Porte St. Martin, who did not believe the play would produce so much effect. Dumas relates in his amusing Memoirs that whilst the third Act was being read the director tried to "stave off sleep," and during the fifth Act he "openly snored." But both Madame Dorval and Bocage were fervent partisans of the new school and took pride and joy in devoting their remarkable talents to the cause of romanticism. Only four months after their creations in "Antony" they appeared in Victor Hugo's "Marion Delorme," which was given at the Porte St. Martin in 1831.

"Marion Delorme" had passed through many exciting vicissitudes before appearing there, however. Victor Hugo's play was to have appeared at the Comédie Française, but the censorship forbade its production, and although Hugo himself obtained an audience from Charles X. and pleaded most eloquently its cause, the King refused to permit the representation to take place. Thereupon the author, infuriated, carried his MS. to the Porte St. Martin, where it was warmly welcomed. But "Marion Delorme" continued to provoke ardent discussion, and the first night was characterised by whistling, stamping, and shrieking.

## THE REVIVAL OF PRINTING

### I. THE HARBINGERS: THE DANIEL PRESS

MANY years ago William Morris pointed out in one of his addresses that the first requisite for the existence of beautiful articles in our daily life was not the artistic education of the man who produced them, but that the user—the purchaser—must choose his wares to be of the kind he wished, and that the maker of these wares must agree with his choice. This was only a new way of stating a familiar truth—that an educated public is essential to the existence of good art, and that wares must be produced by craftsmen for the use of persons who understand craftsmanship if they

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N.B.—Mr. Heinemann will have ready Tuesday next: (1) DR. NANSEN's new book, IN NORTHERN MISTS; (2) The concluding volume of Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung," SIEGFRIED AND THE TWILIGHT OF THE GODS, beautifully illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM; and has ready now (3) Two new books, beautifully illustrated in colour by CHARLES ROBINSON—(a) THE SENSITIVE PLANT, SHELLEY's fine Poem; (b) THE SECRET GARDEN, a novel by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT, Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; (4) A new Popular Edition of THE LIFE OF J. McNEILL WHISTLER; (5) The 2nd Edition of "INDIA UNDER CURZON, AND AFTER," by LOVAT FRASER; the demand for it is extraordinary; (6) GEORGE MOORE's new book, HAIL AND FAREWELL.

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are to be really artistic—and nowhere has its truth been better exemplified of late years than in the general revival of printing, due in no small measure to William Morris's efforts. The older among us can just remember the age of the horse-hair dining-room, the Berlin-work drawing-room, and the coal-scuttle with a Landseer picture on the top, an age which at its best sacrificed qualities which make for usefulness and comfort to a mistaken ideal of elegance; our own memories carry us back to a time when the ideal of the printed book was a volume printed on a fabric of china clay in a type of elegant tenuity, each line separated from its fellows by a wide space of white, each page of printing in the geometric middle of the paper, its illustrations vignettised into odd corners of the type. All this is now changed. The taste for fine printing, nurtured by costly masterpieces, has reacted on the ordinary trade productions. The purchaser has realised that while he cannot expect in a shilling book to have the same quality of paper and ink and excellence of composition and presswork as in a two-guinea volume, there is no reason why beauty of type and design of the page of the cheap book should be ignored, and when a choice is offered him, in increasing numbers he prefers the better-printed book. In this movement the collector of fine printing plays no small part. His shelf of privately printed books is an education to the eye of every one to whom it is shown and a constant pleasure to himself, with the not inconsiderable advantage, if he has bought judiciously, that their value can only increase as time goes on.

Though the chief credit for this change is due to William Morris, it could hardly have come about if the ground had not been prepared for the reception of his teaching. It so happens that printing is an art which has always appealed to the educated and often to the well-to-do classes. More than a few lovers of literature have succumbed to the temptation of setting up a private press under their own supervision or worked by their own hands, to print a few favourite books for themselves and like-minded friends. The distinction between the private press before Morris and after is this, that he inaugurated the fashion of designing his own materials, type, ornaments, &c., while they accepted those in use at the time, confining themselves to the tasteful use of such materials as were attainable in the ordinary way of business. The Daniel Press stands midway between these private presses of the old type and those with modern ideals. It is distinguished among other ventures of the day by its aloofness from any suspicion even of commercial aim. Its books are purely amateur productions: the type was set up and the books were printed by the printer-editor himself, the Rev. C. H. O. Daniel, the venerable Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, or by members of his family, for their own delight or for the pleasure of their friends in the books themselves. The earlier productions of the press were given away as presents by Mr. Daniel, and the price charged for later issues has never been commensurate with their value.

Mr. Daniel's youth was spent in a West-country vicarage and his whole later life in Oxford, and, as is but just, the works issued from his press reflect his personality, his likings, even his limitations. Many of them are first editions of poets of the Oxford classical school, charming, severe in style, exhalant through every page the feeling of restful well-being, of fine surroundings, of high thought, which mark English University life. The little library of some sixty volumes was the favoured mode of publication for the exquisite poetry of Robert Bridges, and contains first editions of Laurence Binyon, Margaret L. Woods, Francis Bourdillon, and others. A pleasant flavour of antiquarianism has been given to the series by an occasional revival of forgotten fragments of old-world literature or selections

from the great poets, and every now and then a more intimate touch has been added to it by the publication of a "Garland" contributed to by a circle of poetic friends, or some booklet printed for a celebration of the moment.

Mr. Daniel's interest in printing dates from his boyhood use of a toy printing-press in his father's vicarage at Frome Selwood, in Somerset. Here, in the 'fifties, he produced some little duodecimo pamphlets, which are treasured by their fortunate owners as more precious than their weight in banknotes. Among them is a collection of hymns written by a cottager, and printed by him to give her "the pleasure of possessing them in a more durable form than in her own handwriting." But though trifles of this sort were produced at intervals, it was not till twenty years later that he began to take a serious interest in printing, and, bringing up his toy-press to Oxford, printed in his college rooms at Worcester twenty-five copies in duodecimo of a catalogue of pamphlets in the College Library (1874). Appetite grows with what it feeds on, and Mr. Daniel, seeking help from the Clarendon Press, disinterred from its stores some old-fashioned type and ornaments which had been put aside as out of accordance with the fashion of the times. The type was one of those procured for the University by Bishop Fell, one of the benefactors of the Press in the seventeenth century, the Dr. Fell of the well-known quatrain of Tom D'Urfey: that it is now a familiar one is not a little due to Mr. Daniel's use of it in his books. This was in 1877, and in 1882 the workmanlike type forced him to get a press capable of bringing out its qualities to better advantage and to discard the toy he had hitherto used. From that time to quite recently a new volume has appeared annually with few exceptions. A list of the issues up to 1902 was drawn up by Mr. Falconer Madan and published some years ago, and a more complete bibliography will soon be available.

The Daniel Press was a forerunner of the modern revival of fine printing, and, like many another harbinger, is consciously opposed to the ideals of the movement for which it prepared a way. Mr. Daniel is animated by the spirit of late seventeenth-century models, as is but natural considering the type and ornaments he has chosen for his work. Regarded from the point of view of the ideal book he falls short in several particulars. By systematically "leading" the type he gets too light a page, one that is, too, rather difficult to read unless the eye is used to bad printing. The page seems to be designed as a single unit, whereas the opening of two pages is the proper unit of design: the eye looks at one page, it is true, but it sees two pages. The merits of the series, apart from the subject-matter of the books which gives them a quality of their own, lie in a certain old-world charm, as of thin music, derived sometimes from Mr. Daniel's delicate grouping of ornamental woodcut devices, sometimes from the hand-drawn initials in red painted in by Mrs. Daniel, from the paper, and from the sentiment of loving care which one feels has informed every detail.

The collector in search of a quarry might take up many a less agreeable and profitable one than the acquisition of privately-printed books. The merit of some of them is their rarity, and only by some extraordinary piece of good fortune can he ever possess them, while others quite as rare are disregarded altogether by dealers. He will find himself on an uncharted sea, and discoveries lie before him. No complete collection of privately-printed books exists, not even an accurate list of private presses, so that the humblest of book-buyers may hope to inscribe against some title in his catalogue the coveted formula, "unknown to bibliographers." Space forbids more than a summary indication of some of the private presses of the early part of the nineteenth century that may still be obtained.

The eighteenth century set the way with the private



presses of Horace Walpole and John Wilkes. The large quarto series of *Chronicles* printed between 1803 and 1810 by Johnes at the Hafod Press in Cardiganshire are the first privately printed books of the nineteenth century. About two hundred of each volume were printed. A much rarer press of the time is the Frogmore Press at Windsor, which printed some verses and small books from 1809 to 1812 for Miss Knight under the patronage of Queen Charlotte. Copies of the publications of the Lee Priory Press of Sir Egerton Brydges (1813-1823) are not uncommon, though they were printed in relatively small numbers—of the first of them, the *Poems of the Duchess of Newcastle*, only twenty-five copies were struck off. They have fine woodcut initials and ornaments. The Middle Hill Press of Sir Thomas Phillipps (1822-1872) is devoted in large measure to genealogical subjects; most of the works printed there were issued in twenty-five copies only. The Prittlewell Press (1823) and the Great Totham Press (1831-1847) are quite unimportant, but their productions are very rarely found. The latter is devoted to broadsides and satirical verses. Books printed at the Beldornie Press (1840-1844) of E. V. Utterson are both rare and valuable. His reprints were issued in twelve copies only, and are much coveted. Another Press dear to collectors is that of Gaetano Polidori (1840-1850), grandfather of the Rossettis, from which issued the first work of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, "Sir Hugh the Heron" (1843), and the first poems of his sister Christina in 1847. The omnivorous collector will also wish to have specimens of the Bampton Press (1848-1855), founded by the famous Dr. Giles, the Rochester Press (1858-1872) of Edwin Roffe, the Heath Press, and the Parkstone Press, not to speak of Presses which only issued a single book, the most desirable of these being Miss Alice Sargent's "Crystal Ball," printed by Mr. Sargent in 1894 at Tite-street, Chelsea.

ROBERT STEELE.

## ART

## ARTHUR RACKHAM'S DRAWINGS AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES

THE drawings for "Siegfried" and "The Twilight of the Gods" are a disappointment. It is almost the first time that Mr. Rackham's drawings have seemed laboured and not quite true, and to any one who has followed the course of his beautiful work and who goes round the gallery where these are hanging, knowing that the book for which they are the illustrations is a sequel to that produced last year, an explanation comes which may, or of course may not, be the right one. It is that Mr. Rackham has signed some sort of contract by which he is to illustrate a part of the "Nibelungen" year by year, so that the work has in a sense been done under compulsion. We know that it was of the artist's own choosing, and that last year the choice seemed to have been altogether good, yet in these drawings there is a sort of weariness of hand and head, as though the heart of the artist were not always in them. It is the old difficulty of the illustrator, always having to contend with somebody else's thoughts, and the worst of it is that it is so apt to lead people into easy but unsatisfactory criticisms. That the "Awaking of Brünnhilde" and Siegfried gazing at himself in the stream have failed altogether to realise the ideas of these strange, grand old tales, as people think of them—or as one supposes they think of them—really matters less than that, as cannot be doubted, they have failed to express the artist's ideas. For when one has been most moved by Mr. Rackham's beautiful fantasies—and there are some of the real ones here—the

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laughing limbs of the Rhine maidens, the weird waving tree-branches and the wild skies which are his own, one cannot help feeling that if they were said to have been prompted by the "Nibelungen" it would have been truer and they would have been more perfectly appreciated. For what after all does it matter whether the story of these things has ever been written in words? And the outcome of this seems to be that the tales are somehow not tangible enough for illustration, and the drawings too intangible for the tales.

Hanging in the St. George's Gallery in New Bond-street are the originals of Mr. Maxwell Armfield's illustrations for "Sylvia's Travels," a fairy-tale by Constance Smedley Armfield. One sees them first across the room as beautiful decorations—which one knows must make exquisite colour patterns on the book's pages, and then one finds that the colour patterns are such stuff as children's dreams are made of. There is the strangeness in them which is the essence of *faërie*. They have succeeded in creating new places and new things, as though the quaint life of some old manuscript had awakened in a modern world.

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## BOOKS IN PREPARATION

THE King has commanded Messrs. Williams and Norgate to publish all his speeches and addresses on Imperial subjects. It is hoped that the volume will be ready before Christmas.

In the meantime Constable and Co. are hurrying forward a book called "In the Shadow of the Islam," by a lady with the picturesque name of Demetra Vaka. The book is of topical interest, as it gives a series of vivid first-hand pictures of the complicated political situation in Turkey to-day. These form the background of the love-story of a young girl and a leader of the Young Turk Movement.

A new history of Scotland has been written. The author who has been plucky enough to undertake a work requiring such an immense amount of research is Mr. Robert Rait, who has already made himself a specialist in Scottish matters. Beginning with the ethnological questions and the tribal kingdoms up to the emergence of a United Scotland in the eleventh century, Mr. Rait then points out the process of Anglicisation which went on from the marriage of Malcolm Canmore to the War of Independence, and follows on with the effect of the great struggle with England on the civilisation of Scotland. After the Reformation the restoration of English influence in place of that of France is dealt with and is followed by the Covenanting Movement, the Revolution, the Union, the Jacobite Rising, the Settlement of the Highlands after Culloden, the Revival of Trade and Learning, and the story of the Ecclesiastical Disputes. The illustrations have been brought together with great care, and the portraits have, in most instances, been photographed from original paintings in private collections. The book will form the first of a series entitled "The Making of the Nations," which A. and C. Black intend to bring out from time to time.

Readers of the *Contemporary Review* will have noted the interesting articles on various phases of the history of the Eastern Empire, and will be glad to hear that the writer from whose pen they emanated has placed with A. and C.

Black a new history of the Byzantine Empire, which is now in the press. Mr. Edward Foord—"for such," as Miss Elinor Glyn would write, "is his name"—does not hesitate to express opinions of various rulers that will be found to differ very considerably from those which have been generally accepted, and to declare that Byzantine cruelty is largely a myth. The author has further prepared a series of maps, and there are to be a large number of illustrations from photographs which have been obtained with no little trouble, which will probably correct many inaccurate ideas as to Byzantine art.

Mr. Alban G. Widgery has translated into English the much-discussed work by Professor Rudolf Eucken, of the University of Jena, called "Life's Basis and Life's Ideal," the fundamentals of a new philosophy of life. There are, it would seem, many new things under the sun, and hardly a month passes without its contribution to an already long list of these new philosophies. Professor Eucken is, however, quite undaunted, and by giving a careful analysis of extant conceptions of life—such, for instance, as those of Traditional Religion, Absolute Idealism, Naturalism, Socialism, and *Æsthetic Individualism*, and a sympathetic "inner" criticism of these by a consideration of their own implications, endeavours to show their inadequacy, the necessity for a newer conception, and the direction in which, according to him, this must be sought. It seems to us just a little curious that all the writers who put forward new philosophies of life, and who devote so much deep thought to Idealism, Naturalism, Socialism, Individualism, and the rest, forget altogether that common or garden "ism" which, if practised daily, makes philosophy almost unnecessary—Optimism. And there is one other philosophy—to call it by a term which might make it more interesting to certain minds, which these discoverers of "new" things quite forget—perhaps because it is so old. We mean faith.

Mr. Edward Arnold is shortly to publish Mr. Norman Pearson's new volume called "Society Sketches in the Eighteenth Century." The eighteenth century has been delved into by so many bookmakers that it seems impossible to write anything new about it. Mr. Pearson claims, however, to have discovered several features and figures which have hitherto escaped detailed treatment—the *Virtuosi* who founded the Royal Society; the Wits and the Macaronies—some of whom may be compared with the upper middle-class hooligans of to-day.

Mr. Heinemann really will positively bring out Mr. Max Beerbohm's novel "Zuleika Dobson" at once. There can be no further delays. We all heard about this book some years ago. The title was given out to an expectant world, and people who make a habit of being early at the station, and who take a savage delight at waiting in long queues at theatre doors, rushed to the library to name the book. Whether Mr. Beerbohm was drawn away from his desk by a passionate desire to make Mr. George Bernard Shaw resemble on paper an Arab card-sharp, history does not relate. The fact remains that no book appeared. Again, later, further rumours went forth. "Zuleika Dobson" is in the press! was the excited cry, and a flutter ran through the artistic circles of North Kensington or Wormwood Scrubbs and West Kensington, which is Hammersmith. The Savile Club perked up and went about on tiptoe of expectation. But still no book. People, even genuine Beerbohmians, began to think that all this was a subtle sort of joke, that there was no such thing as "Zuleika" at all. Cynics hinted at new forms of advertising as cynics will, especially those unpractical cynics who have failed to make themselves acquainted with the rudimentary fact that without advertisement no book can sell, and that, after all, books are not written to give away. We now have it from Mr. Heinemann himself that the hour—the great



hour—is at hand. To-day is the day. To-morrow all the world will know whether Mr. Max Beerbohm is the new Thackeray, the new Corelli, or the new Charles Garvice. These are vastly exciting times, indeed.

It never rains but it pours. It appears that Stephen Swift and Co. have a Max Beerbohm book as well. It is not a novel, however. It is a further collection of caricatures reproduced in colour, and is officially described in the following words: "These drawings constitute what might well be called a John Bull series, and although their satire is directed against political situations and national characteristics rather than against personal frailties, they yet retain that quality of mordant personal criticism which is so prominent a feature of this famous artist's work."

## IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

BY LANCELOT LAWTON

### CHINA—THE STIRRING OF THE WATERS

THERE is still a complete absence of detailed information from the scene of operations in China. Attachés and correspondents have not been allowed to join the forces, and we are therefore dependent for news upon wholly unsatisfactory accounts transmitted *via* Peking and coast ports. Nevertheless, it is abundantly clear that as each hour passes the situation becomes increasingly grave. All the important towns in the Lower Yangtze Valley are in the hands of the rebels, under the leadership of General Li-Yuan-Hung, who received his military training in Germany and Japan. Perhaps the most significant indication of the seriousness of the crisis is to be found in the refusal of Yuan Shih-kai to come to the rescue of the Manchu dynasty. It is a distinguishing feature of this great statesman's career that he has never been known to take the losing side, and on the present occasion it would seem that his attitude is that of "waiting to see." Before many days have passed a decisive battle must be fought, and should the Imperial Army suffer heavy defeat, the insurgents, if they press home their advantage, will find the way open to Peking.

In some quarters there has been considerable speculation as to the part played by Japan in instigating disquiet in China. Stress has been laid upon the extraordinary circumstance that the arrival of the Japanese admiral and military attaché on the scene coincided with the outbreak of the revolution. Removing from the mind suspicion occasioned by incidents of this kind, the undeniable fact remains that the rise of Japan to a position of prominence among the Powers of the world has produced a widespread effect upon the peoples of all Asiatic countries. Asia is no longer slumbering. In the vast territories that stretch from Peking to Teheran signs are to be witnessed that the real awakening is at hand. Nor is it an awakening that will pass with the hour. It is an awakening that means that the East is standing upon the threshold of a new era, an era that may be destined to witness a reshaping of the map of the world. In other words, after centuries of dull sleep the East is now undergoing the process of revitalisation. And Japan leads the van in the march of Asia towards the attainment of her ideal—the recognition of equality with the nations of the West. The civilisation of Japan may be superficial, but it is essentially a militant civilisation. The danger to the West lies in the existence of a state of indifference which may find unpreparedness

when the time arrives for the inevitable conflict with the nations of the East.

By this I do not suggest the likelihood of a Yellow Peril in the sense that there may come a military combination of Asiatic races. For these peoples, like ourselves, have their own jealousies and their own quarrels. But there will come a time in a future that is not so far distant when, unless the West awakens to the imminence of danger, the predominance of the white over the yellow races will cease for ever. Education is the great force at work. With education will develop the national spirit, and this national spirit will manifest itself in many directions. There will be keen commercial strife. In countries now prospering under alien guidance demands for self-government, and eventually for autonomy, will be insisted upon. And unless the Powers are virile enough to combat such movements, they will lose their possessions one by one. To retain them there can be no combination among the nations of the West. To regain them there can be no common action among the nations of the East. International jealousy is alike strong in both spheres. But the nations of the West will be at this disadvantage, that whatever action they may take will be directed from a base that is far distant, while at the same time they will be called upon to combat peoples possessed with all the fervour of newly-awakened races. Japan has become the guiding-star of the East. The knowledge she is imparting to others may not be of the deepest kind, for she herself is as yet groping in darkness, only illumined by a few shafts from the light of true civilisation. But this knowledge will be sufficient to inspire effort and to sustain ambition. And it will tend to give to peoples fresh from the sleep of ages that burning desire to fight and conquer in all fields of human activity. Time and experience will do the rest.

The Japanese view of their mission in Asia has been well represented by one of their leading publicists, Dr. Shiratori:—

It is important to observe (says this authority) that within the past few years a marvellous change has come over China. Japan's success in the struggle with Russia taught the Chinese what an Asiatic nation supplied with Western weapons and appliances can do against an old and strong European Power, and there are numerous indications that China will before very long follow in Japan's steps. She has already descended from the lofty pedestal of self-sufficiency and aloofness on which she has stood for so many centuries. To the people who for so long were designated the Eastern Barbarians, she has been sending thousands of students. She seems to perceive that she can only save herself from absorption by following in the wake of Europe to the extent Japan has done. Perhaps she begins to see also that this can be done without involving the loss of the mental and moral qualities which she holds in such high esteem. . . . The nation is held together by common customs, common religions, common instincts, and common interests, and by a past which all Chinese revere. Among the peoples that inhabit the continent of Asia the Chinese will certainly be the first to free themselves from the shadow of the white peril. They have still left the love of autonomy, national solidarity, and self-respect necessary for the inauguration of the new policy which the political exigencies of the times demand, and they will carry it through.

For the purposes of bringing about mutual intercourse between Eastern races the Japanese have formed an association which has for its direct object the promotion of uniformity in the scripts of China, Japan, and Korea. Already a dictionary of six thousand ideographs, comprising all those in common use, has been compiled; and from time to time strenuous efforts are made to enlist the support of the Chinese and the Koreans in the movement. In many other directions Japan has taken an active part in the

educational process that is at work among the nations of Asia. Fifteen years ago the first Chinese student arrived in Tokyo. Gradually the number swelled until at one time there were fully 13,000 Chinese taking advantage of the educational facilities of the country, and it was thought that the total would soon reach 100,000, if not more. Before long, however, doubts arose concerning the wisdom of sending such large numbers of students to Japan. Many of the youths, freed from the restraint of home ties, led dissolute lives. Moreover, their minds were utterly incapable of assimilating the knowledge imparted to them. Its effect was not to enlighten them, in the true sense of the term, but rather to produce a strong sense of individualism which quickly developed along dangerous lines. On returning to China—a land where the customs of ages were still deeply rooted—they sought to assert a personal freedom both in thought and action that was altogether opposed to the spirit of the times. They became the ready instruments of the anti-dynastic faction, which found its organisation in secret societies, and for a time were active leaders in a movement that was characterised with some violence. Eventually the authorities realised the necessity for imposing restrictions upon students wishing to go to Japan, with the result that the number gradually dwindled until at present there are only a few thousand attending the various educational establishments. The political differences which have lately arisen in an acute form between the two countries have tended to diminish the popularity of Tokyo as a centre of learning for the Chinese. The same cause also led to a reduction in the number of Japanese employed in the various departments of State in China. Not long ago more than a thousand Japanese found occupation in schools and colleges, in the army and police, in the law and in prison administration, in agriculture, and on railways. That total has diminished to a few hundreds, and it is an open secret that as many of the contracts with the Japanese expire they will not be renewed.

In all directions there are substantial indications that Japan's adoption of Western civilisation will have a tremendous effect upon the destinies of China. Whether or not she herself has attained to such a degree of competence that she can be trusted with the task of reforming other Oriental nations is a matter open to grave question. So far, it must be confessed, experience does not justify any sanguine prophecy in regard to the immediate future. China realises that Japan's entry into the comity of nations has not tended to smooth the path of her progress. Whereas formerly she was pressed by the Powers of the West, she is now compelled to submit to the additional humiliation of paying heed to the insistent demands of a strong Power lying, as it were, at her very gates—a Power, moreover, like herself, Oriental and having as much in common as in conflict with herself. The rise of Japan into prominence has provided China with her strongest object-lesson. Suspended from the walls of many houses throughout the land are to be seen lurid pictures of the Russo-Japanese war, representing the blowing up of Russian ships and the scattering of Russian armies. The education in the schools is directed towards reviving the military spirit, and among the subjects taught, in a very elementary stage of course, are the construction of warships and the evolution of the modern gun.

China has not forgotten those bygone ages when she undertook, with results that have added lustre to the pages of history, a civilising mission in Japan similar to that which Japan is now endeavouring to assume on her own account in China. In short, China looks upon the Japanese as an upstart race. And whatever else the future in the Far East may hold yet another war between China and Japan to decide Oriental predominance in the Pacific is as sure as fate.

## MOTORING

ON Friday next the biggest, most representative, and most important of the world's motor-car Exhibitions will open at Olympia, and remain open until the following Saturday week. The time has long gone by when the visitor could expect to find at the Show novelties in the shape of drastic departures in either engine, chassis, or body-work. The innumerable "freaks" which every Exhibition contained in the early years of the industry have finally disappeared, and experience has evolved what is to all appearance a permanent standard design. But the possibilities of minor modifications and refinements calculated to increase the general efficiency of the automobile and enhance the comfort of the users appear to be unlimited, and the forthcoming Show will contain an exceptional number of such departures and devices. Those who have sufficient time, enthusiasm, and knowledge to read and understand the mass of technical details which will be launched upon the public in connection with the exhibits will find all they want—and probably more—in the bulky volumes issued on these occasions by the technical motor-press; but all that is possible in a journal like this is to present a bird's-eye view of the Exhibition as a whole, and describe briefly in non-technical language what we consider to be the principal objects of interest. This we shall endeavour to do in our next issue.

The inadequacy of Olympia, big as it is, to hold a really representative collection of all that is interesting in the motor industry is becoming more and more evident with every succeeding Exhibition. Every year an increasingly large number of would-be exhibitors are excluded through sheer lack of space, and as priority is naturally given by the management to the leading and old-established firms, the public is unquestionably deprived of the opportunity of seeing much that is novel and valuable. The exceptional pressure on the available space this year is strikingly indicated by the fact that it has been found impossible for the Society to find room for the stand which for the past six years it has been in the habit of allotting to the A.A. and M.U. The proprietors of several of the motoring journals have, however, come to the rescue by consenting to receive applications for membership at their stands, and no doubt either Mr. Stenson Cooke himself or his assistants will be constantly in evidence for the purpose of giving all information to inquirers respecting the objects of, and advantages offered by, the Association.

Apparently the recent further reductions in the prices of the leading tyre manufacturers have been rendered possible by the simple process of practically halving the discounts allowed to the "trade" off the list prices. Thus the manufacturers themselves lose nothing, or next to nothing, by the concessions of which they have—quite naturally—made so much. If it had not been for the complaints of many of the retailers with regard to the price-cutting practices of some of their competitors, it is not very likely that the further reductions would have been made at all, so that the motorist is really benefiting by the grievance of one section of the trade against the other. This consideration will not, however, trouble him very much, especially as he has long felt that the middleman was taking an exorbitant margin of profit.

We suppose that by this time there can scarcely remain a single disbeliever in the coming universality of the motor-car as a means of transport, but if there is such an obstinate sceptic in existence he will surely be convinced against



his will by a perusal of the Government Report issued on Tuesday night. This document shows that during last year the number of licences taken out for private motor-cars rose from 53,169 to 75,617, those for taxi-cabs and motor-omnibuses from 24,466 to 33,199, and those for motor-cycles from 36,242 to 48,857. Licences for private horse-carriages have fallen off from 92,572 to 77,900. Simultaneously with the publication of these figures appears the significant announcement that the last publicly-owned horse-omnibus has finally disappeared from the streets of London to make way for the all-conquering motor.

R. B. H.

## IN THE TEMPLE OF MAMMON

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE talk is still of optimism. I mean the talk around the Stock Exchange. Perhaps this is not surprising, because the members of the House are in the habit of taking very short views. Their profession compels this. When they see a market bare of stock they prophesy a rise. Now all the markets in the House are as bare as the palm of one's hand. But, as I have pointed out once or twice before, this does not mean that there is no bull account. It only means that the banks and moneylenders have relieved the bulls from their position, and in doing so have become bulls themselves, in the sense that they will get rid of stock as soon as there is a rise in the market. All that has happened has been merely a transfer of credit. The credit of the bulls was not strong enough to stand international shocks. The credit of the banks has stood these shocks fairly well, and most of our big credit institutions are quite able to go on holding their securities for an indefinite period. But they will not lend more money or increase their credits. We saw how the Bank of Egypt, by over-trading and careless finance, was compelled to shut down.

This failure has been a lesson; it has had a bad effect upon everything, and on Monday the Bank of Mytilene suspended payment. On the Board of this Bank are such well-known financiers as Zarifi and Zervudachi. This bank held about £60,000 worth of Bank of Egypt paper. It had over-traded in every sense of the word, and, notwithstanding the strength of its Board, it was compelled to shut down. It had a large number of depositors. It did a trade throughout the East, and was a large competitor of the Bank of Athens, who will probably make some arrangement to take over the depositors, and should benefit by the collapse. The Bank of Mytilene had been negotiating for some time with German financiers with the idea of enlarging the scope of the business. It does very little business in London, but throughout the Levant it was considered an important undertaking. These perpetual bank failures, of which we have had during the present year so many, are making depositors very uneasy, and wild rumours are going round the City with regard to many of our banks. But the public do not seem to realise that the Birkbeck Bank and the Yorkshire Penny Bank failed simply because the deposits they received and on which they paid interest were invested in gilt-edged securities, the depreciation on which has been enormous.

For example, if I had entrusted a thousand pounds to the Birkbeck Bank in the boom days, and that Bank had re-invested my thousand pounds in Consols at 112, on my requiring my money back some years later when Consols had fallen to 80, it is easy to see that the Bank would have been paying me  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. for a number of years, and losing money steadily the whole time, whilst the final loss would have been £320. The joint stock banks are not in the same position. A large proportion of the money that they receive carries no interest. The banks use it and make from 3 to 4 per cent. on it when it is costing them more than the

ordinary office expenses. Therefore people should not compare the management of two entirely different classes of banks. The Bank of Egypt, again, lent money on real estate—a very profitable and safe method of business as long as you always keep sufficient margin to meet a run. What this margin should be is a moot question. Probably in the case of a bank loaning money to an Oriental 40 or 50 per cent. The Bank of Egypt did not keep 10 per cent. Canadian banks are not allowed to lend money on land at all. When this law was framed every one had in mind the collapse of the Australian banks which were ruined because they locked up the whole of their assets in land, and could not realise when the pinch came. English banks try to spread their loans over a wide field; but even English banks are apt to get tied up. A large number of them prefer to lend money on stocks and shares in preference to discounting trade bills. The discounting of trade bills requires constant personal supervision and the most minute acquaintance with every branch of trade. The fact that London joint stock banks work under books of rules which tend to deaden the capacity of the employees has forced the discounting of trade bills into the hands of bill-brokers, who do the work that should be done by the bank, and share with the bank the risk and the profit. Although the more or less mechanical methods of the modern joint stock bank foster honesty and increase safety, they are not altogether ideal methods, and the strenuous competition of the foreign banks is now becoming serious.

**MONEY.**—At the moment it looks as though money would remain at its present level right through to the end of the year. But there is no certainty about it. If anything should compel the American banks to withdraw their loans to Berlin we might see a sudden stringency on the Continent. Money in Paris appears cheap, but the French banks are only lending from week to week, and although the supply of short-loaned money is prodigious, there is no money for more extended operations. No doubt if the political atmosphere cleared, confidence would be restored, and the hoarding of the banks cease. But at the moment one can only say that the banks, though talking in a very optimistic fashion, are behaving like pessimists.

**CONSOLS.**—Consols and all other gilt-edged securities are steady. After all, these gilt-edged securities are actually safer and more marketable than anything else in the world. English credit is far away beyond any other credit, and therefore the securities of Great Britain have a tendency to be absorbed even in troublous times, and indeed by reason of the troublous times. Prices may whittle away, but the Consol market is as firm as a rock, and any slight fall always brings in buyers. India  $3\frac{1}{2}$  are an admirable investment, and so is Irish land stock. People will soon begin to see that these high value yields are illusory. At the moment it is the fashion to seek investments yielding a high return. This fashion will die out, and then Consols will go up. No one should sell any gilt-edged stock at the present time.

**FOREIGNERS.**—In the whole foreign market everything is strong except Chinese, and even in this market there has been very little selling. Russians have been steadied. Probably if everything goes well, the Russian Government will make another railway loan, and in any case Russian securities are not likely to fall. Turkish and Egyptian have been remarkably strong. This is the more curious because one would have expected a slight weakness, especially as the Bank of Egypt had some big blocks of both Turks and Unified which must be realised in order to provide money for the depositors. There is a steady demand, however, for Egyptian Unified, and the Germans probably support Turkish Bonds, as they still have a portion of their loan to place. The buying in the Peru market goes on, and those behind the scenes are extremely confident, although, on paper, Peru prefs are over valued to-day. The Tinto bears are still buying back, and it is more than probable that copper will rise a few pounds. This should make a good deal of difference to a big mine like the Tinto.

**HOME RAILS.**—The jobbers in the Home Railway market have come to the conclusion that the Railway Commission

Report will excite the Labour party to immediate action, and as a result most of the stocks of our leading companies have been weak. No doubt the Report of the Commission was too good. But what most of the dealers seem to have forgotten is the fact that the Government have given their word that in the event of the companies being compelled to pay higher wages they shall be at liberty to recoup themselves by advancing rates. There is not much profit on passenger traffic, and if passenger fares were advanced it would prevent people from travelling, and thus still farther reduce the profit. The goods traffic is what the railways make their money out of, and an advance in rates here would prove an admirable thing. Therefore I am quite unable to see any bear point in the Labour Report. Traders would of course kick at any advance in rates. The noise that they would make would be incomparably smaller than the uproar that would be raised if passenger rates were advanced. Millions travel every day on the railways, whereas customers for freight are only numbered by thousands. It is seldom that one gets an opportunity of buying 5 per cent. stocks as cheaply as they can be purchased to-day. There is not a single line that is likely to reduce its dividend for the current half-year. Admittedly the strike has stopped any chance of an advance in dividends, but prices are now back at pre-boom levels. The bull party in the Dover A market evidently find no difficulty in financing their purchases. They talk in the wildest manner of a gigantic coal output from the Kent collieries. Options on all the Southern stocks are bought and every preparation made exactly as though Dover had become a second Newcastle-on-Tyne. I do not know how many tons of coal have yet been raised, but it is quite clear that it will take many years before any appreciable amount can be won from the Kent seams.

**YANKEES.**—The Yankee market is terribly dull, and the American finance papers are gloomy reading. Deep depression still hangs over Wall-street. The Chesapeake report was seriously bad. But it was offset by that of the Atchison, which was quite good enough to justify the optimism of President Ripley. However, to-day is not the moment to speculate in American Railways. Prices may rise a little before Christmas to enable the big banks to show a better balance-sheet, but no activity need be looked for.

**RUBBER.**—Hardly any business is done in rubber shares. But the jobbers in the market sell Linggis whenever they can find a purchaser, and optimists talk of an organised bear movement against this share. The Federated Malay States Rubber Company proposes to make a big issue of 6 per cent. preference shares, which will be exchangeable into ordinary shares at the rate of one ordinary share of 50f. for two preference shares of 200f. each. This is valuing the ordinary shares at 400f. each. The exchange can only be made between June 1st and December 31st, 1915. It is a very curious arrangement, but the issue has been guaranteed, and although the rights of conversion do not appear particularly valuable to-day, there can be no doubt that the 6 per cent. dividend is well secured. The profits for the past year are 1,613,000f., and the dividend 60 per cent. Malaccas have been heavily bought in Paris. They appear to me very much over-priced.

**OIL.**—Kern River proposes to write down its capital to half, and it will accept the offer of the vendors. This will give the Company ample funds, and Kerns seem to me a cheap purchase. Other oil shares are weak, and there is very little business in this market. The oil reports as they come out appear most disappointing, most of the companies having been formed on a boom basis without any idea that bad times would ever fall upon them.

**KAFFIRS.**—Evidently there is more trouble in Paris, for Kaffirs have again slumped. Wild stories are going round, and on Tuesday afternoon it was confidently asserted that the great Solly Joel had sold 2,000 shares of every single mine on the Rand. This is of course mere rubbish. The selling was due to forced liquidation, on a big account being closed. No one in his senses would go a bear of Kaffirs at their present level, least of all so astute an operator as Mr. Solly Joel. But any rubbish is good enough to talk when the market is in the depth of despair.

**RHODESIANS.**—The Rhodesian market is steady compared with that in Kaffirs, and there has been a fair rise in Cam and Motor. When these shares were underwritten the underwriters got stuck with about 50 per cent. at 27s. 6d., so that we may expect the price to hang round about that point. Although the market is more or less a made market, I understand that the mine looks well. Tanks continue to drop, and no doubt within the next week we shall get some official statement with regard to the smelters. The *Financial News* is responsible for a story that Mr. Robert Williams has got rid of his holding; I do not know that any one can speak definitely on this point, because, of course, Tanganyika shares are largely to bearer. But I am certain of this, that Robert Williams is the greatest optimist the City has ever seen, and such people are incapable of selling shares in companies that they are so closely connected with. I therefore do not believe a single word of this tale. In London we do not quite understand how seriously the Morocco question affected both the Paris and Brussels markets and how urgent was the necessity to realise all speculative holdings. All big accounts have been closed, and Tanganyika suffered like all other mining shares.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The Cement report was moderately good, and although the shares fell, they have since recovered. As soon as the old contracts have expired the company will be in a position to take advantage of the present prices, but competition is still keen, and it does not appear to me that the ordinary shareholders can hope for a dividend until some sort of amalgamation or agreement has been entered into. This seems difficult business. Omnibus stock keeps very steady. But bulls here will have to take their profit sooner or later, and if by any chance the board should be seized with qualms of remorse and behave according to the tenets of strict accountancy we might see a heavy fall.

RAYMOND RADCLIFFE.

Large transactions are going on in the shares of the well-known manufacturers of margarine, Van der Berghs, Limited. The carry-over for last year equalled a further 40 per cent. on the whole of the ordinary share capital, after paying 17½ per cent. The £1 shares, fully paid, are still standing at about 46s., and the London Stock Exchange are talking them to 60s., on the basis of the bigger dividend for the current year.

The potentialities of the Oceana Development Company are being much talked of in the market. The recent diamond discoveries in the locality are accountable for this, but the assets of the company are of the estimated value of over 10s. per share. The shares can be purchased round about 7s., and are fully expected to go to 20s. or over in the very near future.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### "THE COMPLEAT OXFORD MAN"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As the author of "The Compleat Oxford Man"—a quite humble effort to show at least one phase of undergraduate life as I have seen it—it is both instructive and amusing to read the curiously different points of view of the various critics—none of whom, incidentally, has perceived the would-be humour of the title, with the exception of Canon Hutton.

"An Oxford Undergraduate," whose letter in your last issue was most gratifying to me, points out that my Oxford man is not really "compleat." He says that I have made no mention of the politician or the decadent. But, surely, each one of these types is a "compleat" Oxford man, just as I have declared my rowing man to be "compleat." Every undergraduate, of whatever type he may be, is "compleat" in himself. Such, at least, was my contention when baptising the book.

On opening the *Morning Post* some days ago, judge of my intense delight at finding a long, long notice of the book, signed by Robert Ross. A neophyte to the world of letters, I am still



naturally at a loss as to his identity and status. My judgment had to be formed from his writing, and I therefore came to the inevitable conclusion that his point of view was not that of an Oxford man, a Cambridge man, or any other sort of University man. It was rather that of one whose whole outlook had been formed in the Battersea Polytechnic—of one who had sat, albeit unsuccessfully, at the feet of Mr. H. G. Wells.

He was shocked to the depths of his being to be told that Oxford was not peopled by men who scented themselves and carried lilies, who read Nietzsche, and assumed the pose of Socialism. He found it gross beyond measure, altogether unbelievable, that there are undergraduates human enough, healthy enough, and consistent enough, not only to be attracted by a pretty face, but not to be ashamed to confess it. He labelled such men "Putney," and wrote in a would-be bitter manner of Putney High Street. It was all very funny. He was loyal to his Polytechnic by holding a brief for Ruskin Hall, which is, as everybody knows, merely the training place of the professional tub-thumper. Then followed the eulogistic notice in the columns of *THE ACADEMY* by Canon Hutton, whose knowledge of Oxford, both ancient and present, is not to be fathomed. Unlike Mr. Robert Ross, he knows the undergraduate, to say nothing of the Don, in all his moods and tenses, and, having judged my book by that knowledge, he argues that "The Compleat Oxford Man" is a true picture of the undergraduate of to-day—a very photograph.

From the *femme incomprise* feeling that Mr. Robert Ross gave me, I was naturally overjoyed by Canon Hutton's understanding and appreciation. Conceive my surprise, then, on opening the last issue of *THE ACADEMY*, to find that a real undergraduate, a compleat Oxford man—if he will allow me to hold that opinion of him—thinks that Canon Hutton's notice was not all that it might have been! What would he say were he to read the concentrated Putney of the Robert Ross aforesaid?

Such are these three points of view—one of the man to whom Oxford is unknown, another the record of a man who knows Oxford backwards but who is no longer there, and the third of that lucky individual who can still sign himself "An Oxford Undergraduate." May I, then, be allowed, through the medium of your columns, to express my gratitude to all three writers for the unique opportunity they have afforded me of studying that, to me, surprising question—point of view?—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. HAMILTON GIBBS.

#### THE LATE MR. CHURTON COLLINS

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—My attention has been called to a statement in Mr. Frank Harris's review of the *Life of the late Professor Churton Collins* in your issue of October 7th.

It is stated that from Carlyle he (Professor Churton Collins) hears that "Christ was a world historical humbug." This is evidently a misconception of the passage in page 45, which tells us that Carlyle spoke with great severity of Strauss not having made use of that expression.

Trusting you will kindly publish this correction of a rather serious mistake, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES WHITE, M.A., Chaplain of Bromley College.

Bromley College, Kent, October 20th, 1911.

#### THE LATE MR. CHURTON COLLINS AND ROBERT GREENE

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—It is surely rather unreasonable for Mr. L. C. Collins to expect that a mere student of Elizabethan literature should be able to see that when Mr. Harris, an expert in these matters, wrote "Greene's death" he did not mean "death," but "birth." How, in the name of common sense, could one be certain that this new fact was not one of the many discoveries in literary history for which the late professor was justly famous? Was he not privileged to reveal Shakespeare to us as diligent reader of Plato in a Latin version? Did he not track his finest thoughts to their source in the plays of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, or even to the fragments of these dramatists which the busy actor-manager playwright conned in his favourite pocket volume, the *Loci communes sacri et profani* of Joannes Stobæus? It is hardly credible but these and similar wonderful discoveries had the very curious effect of driving many an

intelligent waverer into the camp of the Baconians. He also discovered that a certain scene in the "Taming of the Shrew" was plainly borrowed from the "Trinummus" of Plautus, and not from Gascoigne's "Supposes." In less important matters his extraordinary care in verifying his references enabled him to date Maginn's articles on the "Learning of Shakespeare" two years earlier than their supposed first appearance in *Fraser's Magazine*. And his bibliographical skill brought to light an edition of Thomas Drant's version of the "Epistles, Satires, and Art of Poetry" of Horace eleven years earlier than the one in the British Museum. In view of these brilliant finds I fancy I ought to be excused for taking Mr. Harris' statement as literally true.

For the last week or so we have had it dinned into us by every irresponsible reviewer that the late Mr. Churton Collins was a paragon of accuracy, and his extraordinary care in verifying every assertion has been set before us as ideal of scholarship. How such a legend could have grown up heaven only knows. His attack on Mr. Gosse may have had a good deal to do with it. Mr. Gosse had always treated facts in the cavalier, the Don Juan fashion of a poet and man of genius, and in this way laid himself open to the attack of a man who, whatever his qualifications as a professional literary detective and academic mandarin, could never have been mistaken for a genius. The likely thing is that both critic and reader accepted him then at his own valuation, as apparently many of them do now. It is to be wished that the critics who praise his carefulness and accuracy would take the trouble to examine his statement of the case for the Shakesperian authorship of "Titus Andronicus," and after that give some of their time to Mr. J. M. Robertson's masterly analysis of the evidence for and against it. They might also note his wilful and contemptuous neglect of Herr Arnold Schroer's "Ueber Titus Andronicus," by the help of which he might have got more substance into his essay. In fine, if the gentlemen who are so ready to testify to Mr. Collins' accuracy and care really want an object-lesson in editing, let them work through the "Plays and Poems" of Greene, a book which Mr. Collins assured us he spared no pains to bring to perfection, and afterwards take up Mr. R. B. McKerrow's edition of Nash.—I am, &c.,

HESTER BRAYNE.

October 23, 1911.

#### THE ONLY WAY

To the Editor of *THE ACADEMY*

SIR,—Now that the nation's free powers to absolute demand have been instituted by the Parliament Act, it is as well to make inquiries as to her free powers to absolute supply, since the former must be wholly dependent upon the latter. You may take from those who have in order to benefit those who have not as the present Government is bent upon doing, but when you have systematically exhausted the resources of your victims where are your further supplies coming from? This will prove to be the dynamic crux to the Parliament Bill—the obstacle to the Act itself—the great fact which, apart from all moral protest on the part of the Die-Hards, must come as the physical test of the Government's policy. It may or it may not be slow in coming, but its advent is nevertheless sure, because the very process by which you give or distribute wealth is the very process by which you take or consume it—a mere sifting process. For instance, the Government is consuming and distributing national wealth, but not producing it. "Oh!" cries your demagogue, "it is not a Government's duty to produce wealth, but only to see that it is properly (?) distributed." Now this has always been the Alpha and Omega of your democratic ideas of government. One has never heard of a democratic ideal where the policy of government is to produce as well as to consume wealth. Yet the former is the first essential of real economy. A democratic policy of consumption or distribution must ever prove disastrous apart from a democratic policy of production.

Now we are all acquainted with the Government's methods of consuming and distributing capital. In other words, it is all-powerful as a consumer and distributor, but by no means all-powerful as a producer of wealth. This is its fatal flaw—a flaw, be it said, which will ultimately bring all parties to their senses; for, as sure as the national ground of wealth depends on a national basis of industry, so sure will a national policy of consumption and distribution which ignores sources of production bring ruin.

The national ground of wealth, like the individual ground of wealth, has nothing to do with capital. The latter is simply

a speculative ground of wealth, and as such is a ubiquitous ground—common to all nations and individuals alike. The national ground of wealth is a ground of production—a labour ground—and this ground of wealth, unlike a speculative ground, is not ubiquitous, since, apart from the national surrender of industrial interests, it must always remain a characteristic source of wealth.

Now you cannot speculate with economic forces unless you are absolutely certain of success, since a losing game spells economic disaster. A nation must stick by its means of producing wealth, otherwise, with all its art of speculation, it can have no solvent basis of wealth—no means for guarding against the evils of false speculations. So long as the primary policy is one of production so long will its methods of wealth-making be economic methods. Where its policy is one of positive supply, a Government need not be troubled by any form of positive distress, any labour problem. But it is this problem, above every other problem, which is paralysing us. Nothing, as far as the salvation of the country is concerned, can be done before this problem is solved. Economy, obviously, has been too long a matter of speculation on the part of successive Governments for any immediate economic adjustment or relief to be made. But though the country, in the form of taxation, must perforce find the means to alleviate the evils of its past errors of policy, the form of taxation should not merely be a speculative form of obtaining wealth.

Your method of taxation should be positive, not negative—that is to say, it should have a basis of production, and not of consumption, of wealth, otherwise you are not adjusting things, but merely putting off the evil day—the day when your goose, the ratepayer, has been over-exploited.

It is this sequence of events which will give dynamic force to the present moral resistance of the Die-Hards, and the fact that option was, after all, but a matter of dying hard or soft (like the poor goose) will be a lesson that the voter will not soon forget, no matter what party he may belong to.

How, then, can taxation be made positive—be made to produce as well as consume wealth?

The answer is by making production the ground of wealth. For instance, our present policy is one of industrial freedom. Now this is absurd, as all industry is dependent upon the production of raw material. If, therefore, you are going to buy your raw material instead of produce it, you are going to stand at an initial loss. That is just as we stand, since, by the importation instead of the production of raw material, we have systematically generated a national waste of labour.

It is foolish, and by no means economic, to assume that a nation's real ground of wealth consists of what it purchases and not of what it produces. Apart from the raw material which it produces, a nation's industrial resources of wealth have industrial limits. By the importation of raw material Capital and not Labour becomes the industrial source of wealth. By taxing capital, therefore, you are drawing upon something which, from its ubiquitous nature, is liable to sudden flight. On the other hand, by taxing raw material you are drawing upon something which constitutes an absolutely certain ground of wealth, since, apart from it, no kind of industry can be carried on and no capital created.

Now, to make it harder for capital to take flight—that is to say, to hold in check its ubiquitous tendencies—is surely a wise rather than an unwise policy, since by its use in the purchase of raw material at home instead of abroad you maintain your national ground of industrial independence, which, after all, is the real ground of freedom. Surely our national structure of financial independence should rest upon our own national ground of industrial independence, and not upon other nations' grounds of industrial independence? Indeed, it may well be asked where our own financial independence is if it is merely a matter of foreign substance. That we have no real ground of national independence is a fact which I trust I have made clear elsewhere (see *Economic Review* for this month).

Now, apart from national fitness or substance, we cannot be nationally solvent. Our situation, at any given time, may therefore prove to be an alarming one, in that it would involve financial panic, and our statesmen, instead of being allowed to speculate blindly with affairs of State, as they are doing with all the force of their powers, should be forced to do their business or else resign.

The limits of a letter are distressing at times, but one must consider with respect the privilege offered by an editor. I feel I must conclude with this remark. As raw material constitutes the wealth basis of production, all land which is unproductive of raw material is a productive form of productive waste. It is

for those statesmen who desire a cure for the unemployment evil to bear this in mind. It supplies them with the key to the only way.

Apologising for the length of this letter, I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

H. C. DANIEL.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge,  
October 23rd, 1911.

## THE FUTURE OF THE TERRITORIAL FORCE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to Colonel Quin's letter in your issue of the 12th inst., may I be permitted to say that, fine as is the spirit displayed by the Territorial Force, and splendid as may be the National Reserve movement, they do not effect the purpose required—that is, to give us a reliable Home Defence Army to take the place of the Regular Army on its departure for overseas war. We can only obtain such an army by compulsory service. All other ways are in truth mere makeshifts, that yet swallow up money, and threaten to swallow up more and more.

Colonel Quin writes of the "attendant disadvantages" of compulsory service. Would he kindly state what he considers them to be?

NATIONAL SERVICE.

October 18th, 1911.

\*\*\* Other letters referring to "The Future of the Library" and current topics are unavoidably held over owing to pressure on our space.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS

- The Cheerful Day.* By Reginald Lucas. Arthur L. Humphreys. 5s. net.
- Love Letters of an English Peeress to an Indian Prince.* By Mrs. M. Chan Toon Digby, Long, and Co. 6d.
- The Letters of Peter Lombard (Canon Benham).* Edited by Ellen Dudley Baxter. With a Preface by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Portrait Frontispiece. Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- The Art of Effective Public Speaking.* By Ernest Pertwee. George Routledge and Sons. 3s. 6d.
- The Critical Attitude.* By Ford Madox Hueffer. Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.
- A Motor Tour Through France and England: a Record of Twenty-one and a Half Days Automobiling.* By Elizabeth Yardley. Illustrated. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.
- South America To-day.* By Georges Clemenceau. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.
- A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles.* Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. *Simple—Sleep.* (Vol. IX.) By W. A. Craigie, M.A., LL.D. Double Section. Henry Frowde. 5s.
- The Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty: a Warning.* By James Thompson. John Ouseley. 6d. net.
- The Fledglings.* Sketches of Child Life by Henrietta Home. Elkin Mathews. 2s. net.
- Death.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.
- Undiscovered Russia.* By Stephen Graham. Illustrated. John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.
- Things Seen in Northern India.* By T. L. Pennell, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. Illustrated. Seeley, Service, and Co. 2s. net.

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS

- The Life of S. Bernardino of Siena.* Translated from the French of Paul Thureau-Dangin by the Baroness G. von Hügel. With Illustrations after the Old Masters, selected and annotated by G. F. Hill. Philip Lee Warner. 10s. 6d. net.
- Chats on Postage Stamps.* By Fred J. Melville. Illustrated. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.
- Chawton Manor and its Owners: a Family History.* By Wm. Austen Leigh and Montagu G. Knight. Illustrated. Smith, Elder and Co. 21s. net.



*Masters of English Journalism: a Study of Personal Forces.* By T. H. S. Escott. Frontispiece. T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.

## FICTION

- The Sacrifice.* By Wilmot Kaye. W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.  
*The Widow Woman: a Cornish Tale.* By Charles Lee. Illustrated by Charles E. Brock. J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.  
*One of the Family: Another Comedy Without a Plot.* By Keble Howard. Illustrated. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.  
*A Queen of the Stage.* By Fred M. White. Frontispiece. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.  
*Paul the Minstrel, and other Stories, reprinted from "The Hill of Trouble" and "The Isles of Sunset."* By Arthur Christopher Benson. Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.  
*The Lotus Lantern.* By Mary Imlay Taylor and Martin Sabine. Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.  
*The Promoter's Pilgrimage, or the Engineer's Revenge. A Tale of London and Mexico.* By C. Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.

## JUVENILE

- Happy Hearts: A Picture Book for Boys and Girls.* Edited by Harry Golding. Ward, Lock and Co. 3s.  
*Wonder Book: A Picture Annual for Boys and Girls.* Edited by Harry Golding. 8s. 6d.  
*Nancy and her Cousins.* By L. E. Tiddeman. Illustrated by Oscar Wilson. S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.  
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*The Life Story of a Lion.* By Agnes Herbert. Illustrated by Harry Dixon. A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.

## VERSE

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*Under the Swedish Colours: A Short Anthology of Modern Swedish Poets.* Done into English Verse by Francis Arthur Judd. With a Preface by Edmund Gosse. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

## THEOLOGY

- "All Hail," Simple Teachings on the "Bible."* By Baroness Freda de Knoop. With Illustrations from Old Masters by Annie Thynne. Arthur L. Humphreys. 21s. net.  
*Mystics and Saints of Islam.* By Claud Field. Francis Griffiths. 3s. 6d. net.

## PERIODICALS

*The Edinburgh Review; The Eugenics Review; The Quarterly Review; The Bookseller; Cambridge University Reporter; The Parsi, Bombay; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Manchester Quarterly; Atlantic Monthly; The Modern World, Madras; International Journal of Ethics, Philadelphia; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Everybody's Story Magazine; London University Guide, 1912.*

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